THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1891.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE present week will be memorable in history because of the number of deaths of eminent persons which it has witnessed. The unexpected death of MR. PARNELL on Tuesday evening has naturally made a profound impression on the public mind. He had played so great and so strange a part in our recent history, and had succeeded in impressing his own personality so strongly upon the popular imagination, that his sudden removal, at the moment when he seemed bent on carrying on a hopeless struggle with all the strength of his indomitable will, has naturally touched all classes. Elsewhere we have sought to gather up some of the lessons taught by the life of this very remarkable man. Here it is only necessary to note the fact that his death is an almost unmixed advantage to the cause of which he was so long the representative and the leader. The Home Rule party in Ireland can now forget its differences and heal its feud, for the one real cause of division within its ranks since last November was the personality of MR. PARNELL. For the rest, it must always be remembered that, whatever may have been the faults and shortcomings of the last twelve months, MR. PARNELL was a man who had been deeply wronged, and for whose sufferings no adequate reparation has yet been made.

TWO other men of mark have died during the week. The KING OF WÜRTEMBERG expired on Tuesday, and on the same afternoon MR. W. H. SMITH, the estimable leader of the Tory party in the House of Commons, died somewhat suddenly at the time when his fellow-countrymen were hoping that his recovery from a tedious and distressing complaint had been practically accomplished. Of the KING OF WÜRTEMBERG little that is satisfactory or complimentary can be said. He belonged to that erratic class of monarchs whose personal weaknesses have in all ages done so much to restrain the sentiment of loyalty among their subjects, and his death causes no appreciable change in European politics. To Englishmen the loss of MR. SMITH is a more serious event. A member of the middle class, who had risen almost from poverty to the possession of vast wealth, he was one of those honourable examples of the right use of the influence which wealth brings with it. His political career had been singularly fortunate and successful, and in nothing was it more fortunate than in the extent to which he was enabled to gain the confidence, not merely of his political supporters, but of his opponents. The very limitations of his mind helped to endear him to his fellow-countrymen, and his loss, which is a very serious one to LORD SALISBURY and his colleagues in the Ministry, is not a light one to the nation at large.

ANOTHER death of the week has been that of the EARL OF PORTSMOUTH, a nobleman of high character, who, both as landlord and politician, has played an honourable part in our national life. LORD PORTSMOUTH seceded from the Liberal party when it formally adopted Home Rule; but it must be remembered to his credit that he was one of the few peers holding large Irish estates who warmly supported MR. GLADSTONE in his efforts to improve the condition of the land tenure of Ireland during his first and second Administrations. LORD PORTSMOUTH'S death causes a vacancy in the South Molton division of Devonshire, his successor, LORD LYMINGTON, having sat as member for that constituency. Finally, we have to notice the death of SIR JOHN POPE HENNESSY, a man who had many remarkable qualities, and whose somewhat stormy life would well repay the attention of a capable biographer. His election for Kilkenny, as an opponent of MR. PARNELL, was the first serious blow to the influence of the member for Cork. Since his return to Parliament he has played but a small part in public life.

THE various events which have been crowded into the history of the week at home have had a somewhat disturbing influence upon the political atmosphere. The death of MR. PARNELL is generally recognised as an event of very great importance. It is certainly an event which is advantageous to the Liberal and Home Rule party. Not only is a cause of division in the Irish party removed, but the Liberal leaders are relieved from a criticism which had latterly been as unfair as it was unscrupulous. The question of MR. SMITH'S successor is another topic which has been warmly discussed during the week. We have reason to believe that the feeling within the Tory party is strongly adverse to the appointment of MR. GOSCHEN, and not less strongly favourable to the selection of MR. BALFOUR. Strange to say, the chief opponent of MR. BALFOUR is said to be MR. BALFOUR himself. The Irish Secretary does not see what is to be gained by taking the leadership of a moribund House of Commons, especially since his acceptance of that post would necessitate his retirement from the office he now holds. There can be no doubt that the position created by the melancholy death of MR. SMITH must be one of considerable embarrassment to LORD SALISBURY. One of its consequences will probably be the acceleration of the date of the General Election.

THE election in North-East Manchester has resulted in the return of SIR JAMES FERGUSSON, the Conservative candidate, by a majority of 150 votes. This is a distinct Liberal gain as compared with the elections of 1885 and 1886, when the Tory majorities were 1,448 and 327 respectively. But although the result is thus far encouraging, it cannot be denied that the failure to win SIR JAMES FERGUSSON'S seat shows that in Lancashire the leaven of Toryism is still very strong. Happily this is not inconsistent with the preponderance of Liberalism elsewhere in the North of England. We publish on another page an interesting letter from Manchester, written before the result of the election was made known, from which some idea of the special characteristics of the constituency will be gathered. MR. SCOTT made an admirable candidate, and deserves the thanks of the Liberal party for the service he has rendered them.

MR. GLADSTONE'S visit to Newcastle which terminated on Saturday last was like a renewal of the triumphs he secured in the same town nine-and-twenty years ago. The great speech in the Tyne Theatre on Friday night was as remarkable as a

physical effort, as it was gratifying as an exposition of the political situation. The references to Ireland, foreign politics, and social legislation, were in MR. GLADSTONE'S best style, and the programme of work which he expounded was certainly a marvellous one to come from the lips of an octogenarian. On Saturday he received the freedom of the ancient city of Newcastle, and made one of those pleasant non-political speeches in which he shows himself in a character that has charms even for the most rabid of his opponents. In a few weeks, we understand, he will quit Hawarden for the Continent, his intention being to spend a part of the winter in Northern Italy and the South of France.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT made a long speech at Glasgow on Thursday evening. It was a powerful and vigorous enforcement of the views expressed by MR. GLADSTONE at Newcastle last week. The references to MR. SMITH and MR. PARNELL were both exceedingly happy; and though the *Times*, in its own special way, professes to be greatly offended by the "nauseous cant" of which Liberals are guilty when they recall MR. PARNELL'S past services to Ireland and try to forget his recent misdeeds, there is nobody else who will not be touched by SIR WILLIAM'S generous reference to a man who had shown himself to be his implacable foe. Perhaps the most noticeable point in the Glasgow speech was that in which SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT dealt with the question of the House of Lords. MR. GLADSTONE'S reference to the same subject had given great offence in certain quarters, where it appeared to be assumed that the Liberal leader had made a gratuitous attack upon the Peers. SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, who strongly echoes MR. GLADSTONE'S sentiments, points out that the provocation came from LORD SALISBURY. In a moment of singular indiscretion the Prime Minister thought fit to threaten the Liberal party with the veto of the House of Lords in the event of a Home Rule measure being carried by the House of Commons. We have said repeatedly that the Liberal party will desire nothing better than to meet the issue which would thus be raised, and it is clear from the speeches both of MR. GLADSTONE and SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT that there is absolute unity of opinion between the leaders and the members of the party on this question. LORD SALISBURY, it is to be hoped, will take notice of the fair warning he has now received from the responsible spokesmen of the Opposition. If the contest which he has so rashly foreshadowed should actually occur, the responsibility for it will rest with him and with him alone. The Peers, if they are to be undone, will at least have the satisfaction—such as it is—of knowing that their undoing is the work of their own friends.

WE have spoken elsewhere of the demand for "political decency" so loudly made by persons who profess to be outraged by the language of SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT. In the meantime it is interesting to note that the *Times* of Monday contained a letter from SIR LEPEL GRIFFIN in which MR. GLADSTONE was described as "the grand old weathercock who has been consistent in nothing but betraying the interests of his country," and his followers as "the shouting mob of time-servers and turncoats." We presume that SIR LEPEL GRIFFIN believes himself to be a gentleman, and he is certainly one of those who would most heartily rebuke any want of decency on the part of SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT or any other Liberal. What a pity it is that he and men like him are not endowed with at least such a glimmer of intelligence as would enable them to see that they are making both themselves and their cause ridiculous by their manner of treating their opponents. It is hardly necessary, after giving specimens of SIR LEPEL GRIFFIN'S style, to say that there was nothing else in his letter worth noticing.

SYMPATHISING strongly as we do with the principle of "betterment," as a means of reducing the cost to the general community of municipal improvements, we are by no means certain that the action of the London County Council this week was very wise. The Council refused to proceed with certain great and most desirable improvements, such as the widening of the Strand and the opening of a a new street connecting that thoroughfare with Holborn, on the ground that Parliament had refused to allow it to call upon persons specially benefited by the improvement to contribute proportionally to its cost. We believe that such persons ought to contribute, and that eventually they will be required to do so under the common law of England. But we doubt whether the popularity of the Council will be increased by the manner in which it has sought to bring about a most desirable change in the incidence of local taxation. The course it took on Tuesday was no doubt a sacrifice of expediency to principle. It was heroic, doubtless; but we fear that it will have to be paid for.

THE Stock Markets have been again quiet this week. There was rather large buying on Monday and Tuesday owing to the recovery in New York at the end of last week; but there was still larger selling, and upon the whole the tendency has been uncertain. It would seem that some apprehension has been caused in New York of serious failures in London owing to the proposed legislation in the Argentine Republic and to the losses of banks in the East and in Australia, as shown by the reports published this week by the Chartered Mercantile Bank of India and the Bank of South Australia. The apprehension is unfounded, though, of course, small failures like that of the railway contractor reported this week will occur from time to time; but serious failures are not now to be looked for. Home railway stocks have been rather quiet owing partly to the rain and partly to the dissatisfaction felt with the Board of Trade returns; and the foreign market has been depressed. The heavy selling from Germany and Austria continues, and it would seem that in spite of the confidence of the great operators in Paris, the Paris Bourse is not able to take all the stock that is offered for sale. Meantime every effort is made to ensure the success of the Russian loan, which is advertised this week, the issue price being 79¾ per cent. The loan is brought out simultaneously in Paris, London, Amsterdam and Copenhagen.

THE withdrawals of gold for export continue, but the directors of the Bank of England, though they must feel the necessity for taking measures to protect their reserve, think it useless to put up their rate of discount. The interest on the National Debt has just been paid, and therefore has increased the supply of money in the outside market. The Joint Stock Banks will not support the directors in their efforts to protect the reserve, and the discount houses are competing recklessly for bills; while the directors are not willing to incur the expense and trouble of borrowing in the outside market so as to lessen the supply and thereby raise rates. So the market drifts until some day it is startled either by a sensational withdrawal or by some accident, when rates will rush up wildly and business will be disturbed. Meantime, the apathy in the silver market continues. Speculation is completely at a standstill, the American operators apparently being too much interested in the stock and wheat markets to give attention to silver, while Indian buying is smaller than it has been for several years past. The price, therefore, has gone down to 44⅛d. per oz., and there is little probability, as far as can yet be seen, of a rise until the Indian demand increases.

MR. PARNELL.

MR. PARNELL'S death raises a pitiful and almost squalid personal squabble into the regions of tragedy. We do not envy the man who heard unmoved of the sudden ending of a career almost unique in the history of this country. Mr. Parnell had known many vicissitudes of fortune, but surely the sorest stroke of Fate has been that which was dealt last Tuesday, when he died in the midst of a hopeless struggle, fought on his side with an almost savage courage, his success in which would have meant the ruin of the cause to which he had devoted the best years of his life. Nothing sadder can be imagined than that his death should have been hailed as a blessing for the country he had served so well. And yet a blessing it is, and not even a disguised blessing. Oh, the pity of it, the pity of it! For our part we have no heart to dwell upon the events of the last twelve months, so far as they revealed the true character of the Irish leader. All Irishmen, we feel assured, will wish to blot from their minds those miserable memories. That some mysterious change, it may have been but the shifting of a "grey molecule" in that busy brain, had taken place within the man at the time of the stress and shame of the action in the Divorce Court, is not an improbable and is certainly not an uncharitable explanation of his sudden fall. He stood so high before; and he fell so low. But speculation on this point is useless now. Nothing can undo the effect of the line of action to which the Member for Cork committed himself last November, when he suddenly hurled his defiance against Mr. Gladstone, declared war upon the Liberal party, and broke up his own following in the House of Commons.

Upon the consequences of his death it is not too soon to speculate. There seems no reason to doubt that with his disappearance from the scene the last obstacle to the complete reunion of the Nationalist party in Ireland has been removed. Reunion, as a matter of fact, would have been secured sooner or later, even if he had lived. Despite the indomitable pluck with which for months past he has been fighting for his own hand, and the stubbornness with which he refused to admit, even to his closest friends, that defeat was possible, he was steadily losing ground week by week. The defection of the *Freeman's Journal* was a terrible blow, and in the case of any ordinary man would have been accepted as final. Yet other blows of the same kind would have fallen upon him if he had lived but a few days longer, for his followers clearly saw the truth to which he closed his eyes, and one by one they were seeking re-admittance to the fold from which, at his bidding, they had deserted. Still, it is not a slight gain to the cause of Irish freedom that the remaining obstacles to reunion have, in a moment, been cleared away, and that when the General Election comes, Mr. Parnell will no longer be a disturbing element in Irish politics. It is to be hoped that on both sides in Ireland there will be a disposition to forget and forgive all that has passed. Not a few of the men who clung to their old leader, even when he seemed bent upon undoing his own work, were animated by feelings which it is impossible not to respect. Their loyalty to the chief who had been their leader in the darkest days of their country's history had become a passion, which made them insensible or indifferent to all other considerations. Regard for a great principle was lost in devotion to a remarkable man. For these men, now that Mr. Parnell is gone, there should be no room for doubt as to their future action. Parnellism without Mr. Parnell is as impossible as Bonapartism without a Napoleon; and we may confidently expect that the recognised followers of the Member for Cork in the House of Commons, and elsewhere, will henceforth be found acting in conjunction with the majority of the Irish representatives. Nor is it a small gain that the dangerous classes in Ireland, the "men of the hill-side," to whom Mr. Parnell openly beckoned, and whom he encouraged by speeches which seemed animated by the very spirit of recklessness, have now lost the one man who had the power of leading them and influencing them. The people of Ireland will, for the future, be able to carry on their pacific agitation for the right of self-government without the fear of a possible outbreak of criminal violence, which would in a moment have shattered their hopes.

It is ungracious, however, at present to dwell upon the advantages which must unquestionably accrue from Mr. Parnell's death to the Home Rule cause. It is a more pleasant task to recall some of his claims to the undying gratitude of his fellow-countrymen. Down to November of last year he presented to the world the spectacle of a man who was prepared to subordinate all personal interests and pleasures to the great cause to which he had devoted himself. If there came at last a test which was too severe, if a sacrifice which was beyond his strength was in the end demanded of him, Irishmen at least should not forget the long years of travail and endurance, in which for their sake he cheerfully bore the hatred and the calumnies of his opponents. No man can withhold from him a due meed of admiration when the prolonged agony of the forged letters is called to mind, and the heroic stoicism with which he bore that deadly and most malicious assault on the part of an unscrupulous adversary is remembered. Nor do we fear even now to repeat what we said many months ago in these pages, that down to the moment when his strength gave way, and the whole purpose of his life seemed in an instant to be changed, one of his most striking characteristics was the curious kind of magnanimity with which he treated even those of whose conduct he had the best reason to complain. How many men would have suffered all that he did at the hands of his assailants in the *Times*, and of such men as Pigott and his associates, without openly exulting over them when their plots had been brought to nought? That he should have borne misrepresentation and persecution so long in silence, should so long have foreborne to strike at his most venomous assailants, and in the end should himself have struck so venomously and savagely at those to whom he ought to have been bound by close ties of gratitude, must be recognised among those mysteries of life which in this world can never be explained. In future ages we doubt not the character of the man who died on Tuesday will puzzle historians and philosophers as much as to-day it puzzles his contemporaries. His coldness and his passion, his reserve and his almost brutal frankness, his stern reticence for years and his sudden revelation of the very depths of his heart, his subtlety and adroitness in Parliamentary warfare and his reckless unwisdom when fighting for his own hand in Ireland, his magnanimity and his meanness, his courage and his cowardice, will mystify those who seek to read the secret of his life, as much as will the hold which he, a Protestant, an aristocrat, and a landlord, succeeded in gaining over the hearts of the Irish peasantry. But whatever may be the truth about him, one fact at least remains clearly stamped upon the records of the present generation. He was a great man, who, before his fall, had accomplished great things on behalf of a great and holy cause.

"THE LOST LEADER."

THE original of Browning's "Lost Leader" was probably Wordsworth, whose ardent sympathies with the French Revolution were painfully and reluctantly alienated by the excesses which stained its later developments. That the Lost Leader was a poet seems evident from the lines—

"Shakspeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us; they watch from their graves!
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen;
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!"

. . . . . .

Songs may inspirit us—not from his lyre."

The only contemporary poet who could have been placed in such splendid company was Wordsworth. We do not say, nor do we think, that Browning's accusations against the Lost Leader are true of Wordsworth, though they came naturally from the pen of such a fiery and enthusiastic Liberal as Browning. For it was no mean motive that drove Wordsworth back from the hopes and aspirations which the French Revolution had engendered. It was the great crisis of his life and the severest wrench; and if he emerged from the ordeal with chastened feelings and less sanguine hopes for the amelioration of humanity, his moral integrity remained intact. It certainly was not true of him that the Laureate's "riband" and "handful of silver" tempted him to forsake the cause of which he had sung so sympathetically and hopefully.

Our present purpose, however, is not to discuss the identity of "The Lost Leader," or its applicability to Wordsworth, but to expose the absurdity of finding in the hero of Browning's poem, as political partisanship has lately pretended to do, a prototype of Mr. Gladstone. Browning's accusation against his Lost Leader is that he deserted his party for "a handful of silver" and "a riband to stick in his coat." How does that accusation fit the statesman who refused an earldom and has relinquished office for conscience' sake oftener than any public man of our time? It was not Mr. Gladstone who, as Prime Minister, bestowed the riband of the Garter on himself, or clutched at the handsome pension, though thrice within his reach, which other men needed more. And to accuse the man to whom every Italian attributes, next to Cavour, the liberation of Italy; the one foreigner whose name is reverenced throughout free Greece as her greatest benefactor; the one man to whom the emancipated provinces of Turkey turn with gratitude, and the enslaved populations with hope—to accuse such a man of "breaking from the van and the freemen," and "sinking to the rear and the slaves," is to forget or to maliciously invert the whole of his political career. The usual accusation against Mr. Gladstone is that he goes too fast for his followers, and is apt to lead them on forlorn hopes. The front of his offending, even on the Irish question, is that he precipitated the crisis and forced the consideration of Home Rule prematurely. "Deeds will be done while he boasts his quiescence—still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire." To what single act in Mr. Gladstone's public career can this apply? Twice he broke up his party to save the cause—in 1866 on the Reform question, in 1886 on the question of Home Rule. If he had wished for "quiescence" in 1886, he might have played Palmerston's *rôle* and secured himself in office for the rest of his life. His followers were numerically equal to the Tories and Parnellites combined, and when the inevitable collapse of the Tory Government took place and he was forced into office, he might have remained there indefinitely by a judicious employment of Fabian tactics. Instead of that he chose to risk his past reputation and political future on the desperate venture of carrying the country with him in a final attempt to settle the Irish question. He knew that it was a desperate venture, and that the chances were about even whether he would succeed or be chased for ever out of public life. How does that accord with Browning's description of his Lost Leader?

But Mr. Gladstone's conduct on the Irish question is in strictest consistency with all the rest of his political life. On the threshold of his career he resigned office in obedience to what was thought at the time a quixotic homage to political honour. When Sir Robert Peel, in 1844, announced his intention to increase the Maynooth Grant, Mr. Gladstone left the Government because "he had a strong conviction that when a public man had changed his mind on a great constitutional question," he should give the public such a pledge of his sincerity as the sacrifice of office involves. Still believing the theory of Church and State, propounded in his treatise on the subject "to be the most salutary and the best in every condition of the public sentiment that will bear its application," he recognised that circumstances had made it obsolete. He "therefore held it to be his duty to apply his mind" to the consideration of the Established Church "free from any slavish regard to a mere phantom of consistency, and with the sole and single view of arriving at such a conclusion as, upon the whole, the interests of the country and the circumstances of the case might seem to demand." Having thus given the guarantee of good faith which resignation of office implied, Mr. Gladstone proposed to give Maynooth College a larger grant than that asked by Sir Robert Peel. Now let it be considered what resignation of office at that time meant for Mr. Gladstone. Sir Robert Peel's Government was the most powerful in numbers and talents combined that the country had seen for a long time; and it was engaged in financial and fiscal reforms in which Mr. Gladstone's was the master-mind, comparatively young as he then was. Resignation of office by a brilliant member of a Cabinet whose place cannot be adequately filled is never popular with a party or its chief; and the reason of Mr. Gladstone's resignation was of too refined and delicate a character to be generally appreciated. Yet he did not hesitate to damage his prospects seriously, rather than run the risk of lowering the standard of political honour. And where is there a trace of self-seeking in his attitude on the question of admitting the Jews to Parliament? The Bill for their admission was introduced into Parliament the first session after Mr. Gladstone's election for Oxford. The University petitioned against their admission, and Mr. Gladstone's colleague, Sir Harry Inglis, opposed the Bill. But Mr. Gladstone supported it, and justified his vote in a speech as liberal in sentiment as it was eloquent in expression. On that occasion he separated himself not only from the University which had trained him and had just sent him to represent them in Parliament, but from the whole of his party. Not long after we find him gallantly opposing not only his University; not only the great body of the clergy, on whose votes the retention of his Parliamentary seat depended; not only the Conservative party, to which he still belonged; but—what was still harder perhaps for a man of his popular sympathies—the clamorous voice of the masses. That was when he led a small band of Peelites and Radicals against the combined host of Tories and Whigs, led respectively by Lord John Russell and Mr. Disraeli, in resistance to the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill—an abortive measure which it fell to his own lot fifteen years afterwards to repeal, with universal approval. The No-Popery cry was then a

very formidable one, yet Mr. Gladstone deliberately braved it in defence of religious liberty. Speaking on behalf of himself and his "insignificant minority," he said:—"In our opposition to this Bill we are sustained by the conviction that we have right on our side, and we are determined to follow that bright star of justice beaming from the heavens whithersoever it may lead." Many of our readers will probably differ from Mr. Gladstone on his views on divorce; but those who differ from him most will be the first to admire his defiance of public opinion and disregard of his own political interests in the almost single-handed fight which he made against the Divorce Bill. He was ridiculed by Whigs and Tories as "a monk" who "had better retire into a convent." His opposition to the Public Worship Regulation Bill is another example of his chivalrous defence of the weak against a popular clamour. And what a contrast to the conduct of the Tory leaders is his on the question of Bradlaugh's admission to the House of Commons! They used Bradlaugh as a party weapon against Mr. Gladstone, and acquiesced in Mr. Bradlaugh's admission as soon as he had served their purpose. Mr. Gladstone, on the contrary, sustained defeat after defeat in the House of Commons, and lost votes by thousands in the constituencies, because loyalty to justice was dearer to him than place and power. And it is this man, whose whole life has been a splendid example of allegiance to truth and justice at the cost of whatever sacrifice, who is supposed by some to find his parallel in Browning's "Lost Leader"!

MR. SMITH.

THE genuine and widespread regret which has been displayed over the death of Mr. Smith is distinctly creditable to the nation as a whole. It shows how sound public sentiment is in certain matters. Mr. Smith was not a great man. He was no orator; he could not be called a brilliant debater; he was hardly a successful leader of the House of Commons. There was, apparently, nothing about him which was calculated to impress the popular imagination, or to give him that factitious reputation which is so dear to the politician. And yet, in spite of these serious drawbacks, he not only made his way from the comparative obscurity of the position of a private member to the leadership of the House, but gained so great a hold upon the esteem of his fellow-countrymen that his death is regarded in the light of a public calamity. More than a year ago we drew a sketch of Mr. Smith in these pages, and, looking back to what we then said, we find little to correct now that the close of his career makes the review of his life more complete. Two great qualities—not, happily, rare in our national character, but not the less valuable on that account—gave him his hold upon the esteem of his fellow-countrymen: these were his transparent honesty and his personal modesty. There are many men in Parliament and in public life who are not a bit less honest than Mr. Smith, who have nevertheless failed to gain credit for that quality with the public at large; and if we have to ask ourselves why it was that in this respect Mr. Smith was more fortunate, we find the answer to the question in that second characteristic of his of which we have spoken. Honest and sincere as he was, he never made any attempt to impress the fact upon those around him. Altogether too simple and modest to endeavour to thrust his own personality upon the public, he made all the deeper impression upon those associated with him for this very reason. This it is, we think, which redounds so greatly to the credit of the English character. We are too often quick to take charlatans at their own valuation; yet when once we get a glimpse of a true man we never allow his own under-valuation of his character to weigh to his disadvantage in our judgment of him. On the contrary, the more modest he is the more highly he is esteemed by those who know him. When Mr. Smith first undertook the duties of leader of the House of Commons, there were many who smiled, anticipating a ridiculous fiasco; and, indeed, it was difficult to think of the worthy member for the Strand as filling the place held within the memory of living men by a Peel, a Palmerston, a Disraeli, and a Gladstone. It would have been very easy for Mr. Smith to justify the anticipations—not of his enemies, for we do not believe that he had one—but of the cynics who always look for failure in human effort. But he disappointed every foreboding, and came to be regarded in Parliament with the kind of confidence and affection which only a few men are able to inspire in that assembly, and which can never be won unless the fortunate person who secures this tribute is possessed of real and sterling virtues. Here again it was his own simplicity and modesty which secured for him his triumph. These qualities conciliated the most censorious of his opponents, subdued the bitter mood of angry rivals, and charmed even a tumultuous assembly.

Perhaps, too, the fact that he was one of the trading middle-class, that his natural sympathies were with his own order rather than with the landed aristocracy, the cultured classes, or the proletariat, did much to win for him the goodwill of an essentially middle-class House. Be this as it may, it is certain that Mr. Smith at the time of his death held a very enviable position in the political world. He had climbed to it by slow degrees, but he held it by no uncertain tenure. The very narrowness of his intellect harmonised with the average intelligence of the men around him; his prejudices and prepossessions were alike those of his associates, whilst his goodness was of that kind which is dearest to the hearts of Englishmen.

It is no common loss which has fallen upon the Tory party in the removal of such a man. The Ministry contains many able members, but it has no one who can fully replace Mr. Smith, whilst the party behind him will find it difficult to secure another leader in the House of Commons who combines in so rare a degree as he did the merits and qualities which are best calculated to win the confidence of Parliament. But we confess that it is not of the party loss alone that we think in reference to Mr. Smith's death. The country as a whole has reason to deplore the removal of a man who might justly be regarded as a typical representative of that middle-class from which he sprung, and of whose virtues and defects, generous aspirations and intellectual limitations, he was himself so striking an example. As Liberals, we confess that we cannot but deplore the evil fate which years ago lost to us the co-operation of such a man. We shall not insult the memory of Mr. Smith by suggesting that his failure to secure election to the Reform Club was the cause of his becoming a Conservative. It is absolutely certain that he was not one of those who could thus be influenced by a personal slight, but it has been our misfortune as a party that whilst he began life as a Liberal he ended it as a Tory. From first to last, however, there is no Liberal who will doubt that he was sincere in his beliefs, and that underlying any profession of party faith there was a strong attachment to his country and a real desire to promote her highest interests.

THE CURSE OF KINGSHIP.

KING CHARLES OF WÜRTEMBERG died at five minutes to seven on Tuesday last. He was not, by a long way, the most despicable or unhappy of contemporary sovereigns. Yet the circumstances of his life and death were such as to excite aversion, not unmixed with pity, and to suggest the reflection that in these latter days Nature and Fate are in league to belittle the kingly office and convince mankind that it were well to end it, in very pity for the kings themselves.

In his youth, the career of King Charles gave promise of a not unhappy future. He was a man of fine intelligence, with a keen sympathy for the arts, and, above all, his nature was conspicuously free from that taint of militarism which in far better monarchs has often worked such woe among those whose tastes and fortunes it was in their power to shape. He never gushed about his brave grenadiers or his splendid horse-artillery; and, indeed, it is said that from the day he became his own master he never willingly donned the military garb. From childhood, however, he was of a sickly constitution. When he grew up, as the *Daily News* informs us, "he threw himself into a vortex of pleasures which did not remain without influence upon his constitution." His subsequent marriage was childless. For many years he remained under the government of his wise and masterful wife; and, at her prompting, he piloted the State through the perilous crisis which ended in the complete adhesion of the Suabians to the cause of United Germany. But the curse of kingship was upon him; and in due season he underwent that process of amatory rejuvenescence which Heaven has reserved as the direst chastisement of a misspent youth. His vagaries culminated in a scandalous entanglement with three American adventurers, euphemistically called "Spiritualists," who, under pretence of introducing him to the esoteric delights of hypnotism and occultism, played upon his follies, until at length the rage of his long-suffering subjects threatened to force him into abdication. At this crisis, his wife came forward to rescue him, drove forth the "Spiritualists," and made herself a surety to the Würtembergers for his future behaviour. Since then he has been practically a prisoner in his own palace, with his wife and Prime Minister as his jailers, cut off from every pleasure for which he cared, and with no prospect of release from his misery save death. "His wife and Ministers," says our well-informed contemporary, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "have been" (since the expulsion of the Americans) "in constant fear of his escaping from Stuttgart, and going off to Paris in search of amusement, the probable result of which would be some frightful scandal or catastrophe."

And yet, as we have implied, King Charles of Würtemberg was by no means the most pitiable figure in the gallery of contemporary kings. Although a lifelong invalid, he lived and died with his faculties about him. Taking kings as a body, it is about seventy-three chances out of a hundred that a particular ruler is mad, like the Kings of Bavaria, or blind, like the late King of Hanover and the present Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, or stone-deaf, like the D'Orleans and the Danish Royal Family, or an epileptic, like the little King of Spain, or a man who lives to bury his heir in an unhonoured grave, like the Emperor of Austria or the late King of the Netherlands. If you are none of these, or possibly, in addition to one or more of these things, it is about even chances that, being a monarch, you will have an "impossible" kind of wife, like the ex-King of Servia, or the present King of Roumania, or the Emperor of Austria, who by her *bourgeois* jealousy or her tantrums and vapours will deprive your life of all possibility of dignity and repose. Then, in addition to, or in substitution for all this, it is highly probable that if you reach the kingly rank, you will prove to be a physically and morally ridiculous person, notable for your obesity or your greed, with a tendency to get into ridiculous scrapes, which make you the laughing-stock of the universe. Take, for example in this connection, the last Duke of Tuscany of the Medici line, who became so dead to all pleasurable sensation, that he was driven to order for his delectation the concoction of a scent out of the most revolting of all animal substances, for it was by a whiff of this alone that he could become aroused to any perception of existence. Then, again, there is the example of Louis the Eighteenth in his latter days, when he had ceased to appreciate any food but potatoes prepared in a particular way by a *chef* who was, we are told, as fat as himself. One night, as was not unusual with him, he awoke in the small hours with the craving for the dish upon him, and, rising from his bed, he waddled off to the apartment of the *chef*, whom he aroused with a suggestion that he should then and there prepare the mess. The cook was nothing loth, for it was his master's gracious custom to allow him to share in the consumption of the delicacy at these nocturnal orgies. A dish of immense size was in due course prepared, and the king and the cook started fair, standing side by side, to consume it. "You'll kill yourself if you eat as fast as that," said the king, between two mouthfuls. But the cook did not take the warning, and in five minutes he fell back dead at the king's side. "There, I told him so!" ejaculated the king to the Lord Chamberlain, pointing at the corpse with his spoon, but never for a moment desisting from the feast, and not only consuming his own share, but also what had been left uneaten by the cook at the moment that he ceased to live. Many old gentlemen are greedy, but no one but a king could be as greedy as all this. In such instances as these, Nature appears to have been minded to test to the utmost the slavish docility of the old-world populations. She has even used women to complete her cynical jest at the expense of our Race. Many women have been sensual and abandoned, but no woman, not a crowned head, was ever so base, so shameless, and so cruel in her sins as Catherine the Second. As her soldier paramours left her apartment, the threshold was so contrived as to give beneath their weight and precipitate them into the waters of the Neva—the shriek of the dying wretch serving as a tonic to brace again the lady's somewhat unstrung nerves.

Another particular in which Fate and Nature have combined to make plain their hatred of kings is in this—that they so seldom allow a monarch to slip quietly and painlessly out of the scrape of being alive. A death-bed which, in an ordinary neighbourhood, would be regarded as an exceptional and mysterious visitation of Providence, is the common way in which kings make their exit from the world, as witness the death-beds of the Count of Chambord, the Kaiser Friedrich, the King of Holland, and the last King of Sweden. The latter example shows us, by the way, that Nature makes no exception even for the lines which are newly sprung from the people, and have won a Crown by their own strong arm. It is a peculiarity of the diseases of the palace that they are often those which we usually associate with overcrowding, bad food, bad air, and worse company. Many of the hereditary infirmities and taints, with which the reigning houses of the world are notoriously afflicted, are traceable to what is commonly regarded as the scourge fashioned by Providence to chastise the vices of the pavement. But even where there is no question of ancestral misconduct, the diseases of

the poor find no difficulty in breaking the perpetual quarantine which seems to surround a palace. A late Empress owed her death to an ailment which is almost wholly confined to the abjectly poor Jews of Eastern Europe. The hair became a matted and living organism, with a circulation and nervous network of its own; and she died, worn out by the torture and exhaustion resulting from this strange and dreadful burden.

Then, again, monarchs stand out conspicuous in their misery above all lesser men in their liability to murder. A king can never look upon a crowd without thinking that any of the myriad faces before him may be that of his destined executioner. This horror is the especial curse of absolute rulers. Sometimes it is by the hands of his own ministers and servants that such a man may know that he must meet his death. There are circumstances in which even a good minister will kill his master. This, however, and happily, is not necessary in constitutional countries. When King George III. went mad, all that the late Dr. Willis thought it needful to do was to hire six strong men to scourge him. Whenever his Majesty had a lucid interval it was carefully explained to him how he had been beaten, and he always expressed himself highly satisfied, and directed himself to be whipped again when he should become insane once more. But if George III. had been an absolute ruler like Tzar Paul or Sultan Abdul Assiz, Dr. Willis might have deemed it his duty to put an end to him, lest one of the six strong men should have got control over him and misused the kingly power for the undoing of the realm. The chance of assassination is, however, by no means confined to tyrants. Our own beloved sovereign has been five times in peril. The fact that Louis Philippe went about in omnibuses, with a gingham umbrella, and a fluffy white hat (all brushed the wrong way), did not avert the murderous fury of four political fanatics. The amiable weaknesses of Isabella might be supposed to have won her enough personal goodwill among the Spaniards to secure her from attack; but a man once tried to stab her while she was carrying a baby of hers to the baptismal font. Within eight years of the subjugation of France and the consolidation of the Fatherland, a German all but killed the Emperor William.

Let us be thankful that we are none of us kings!

OUR POSITION IN EGYPT.

WE do not propose to follow those rabid scribes, like Sir Lepel Griffin, who have plunged into angry disquisitions against Mr. Gladstone because in a few pregnant words at Newcastle he called the attention of his fellow-countrymen to the truth regarding our occupation of Egypt. We would rather rejoice that, speaking with an authority superior to that of any other member of the Liberal party, he should not have omitted the Egyptian Question from his recent survey of public affairs. There are certain facts connected with our occupation of that country to which, apparently, a portion of the public habitually shuts its eyes, yet they are facts which cannot be ignored without grave danger. Nothing can be more satisfactory to our national pride than the manner in which, under English auspices, civilisation is flourishing apace in the Delta of the Nile. It is delightful to think that we are in a measure accomplishing there the great work which we have already done in India, and the Chauvinist feeling which is strong in most men cannot but be stimulated by our knowledge of this fact. That we should scuttle out of Egypt leaving our work undone, our pledges unfulfilled, is what no man amongst us can desire. But that we should stay there indefinitely in the hope that sooner or later Europe will be induced to acquiesce in the transformation of our present temporary occupancy of the country into a real and permanent conquest, is another thing, about which it is necessary that there should be very plain speaking on the part of Liberals at all events.

Fate may determine that Egypt shall be ours, that having established our soldiers in that country we shall never again withdraw them from it; but if that is to be the case, it is to be hoped that the furious Jingoes who reproach Mr. Gladstone for having ventured to touch upon the question at all, will bear one fact at least in mind. That is, that we are pledged in honour to leave the country as soon as our work there is done, and that the only honourable manner—using the word honourable in the conventional sense—in which we can evade that pledge is by asserting our right to do so by the sword. If we are prepared frankly to face Europe and say, "We withdraw from our promise to quit Egyptian territory, and are prepared to abide the consequences," we may then satisfy at once our own sense of honour and our national covetousness. But in that case we must be prepared to assert our right to Egypt at the point of the sword—in other words, we must go to war with France in order to cover our retreat from our own pledges. We should be glad to know if there is a single Jingo in Great Britain who would seriously maintain that our occupancy of Egypt could, under any circumstances, be worth the price of such a war. This is one of the questions which the people who gird at Mr. Gladstone for having called attention to the embarrassments and difficulties in which the occupation of Egypt involves us, persistently ignore. Yet it is one which they would quickly have to face if our future policy were to be decided according to their wishes.

We are told by those who snatch at any excuse for putting off that which they regard as an evil day, that our honour is just as much pledged to the Egyptian fellaheen as it is to the French Government, and that we can no more leave Egypt to become a prey to the old disorders than we can take forcible possession of it as a portion of our own Empire. To that statement we do not demur; but nothing could be more disingenuous than to make use of this fact in order to evade our own obligations to Europe. We have a right to insist that so long as we continue to strengthen Egypt in its preparation for the task of self-government we shall not be interfered with by the other Powers who thrust that duty upon us at the time of the bombardment of Alexandria. But on their part they have a right to insist that our duty to the fellaheen shall not be made a pretext for an indefinite prolongation of the occupation. There is, indeed, something almost incredibly mean in the proposal that we should try to shirk the fair issue which would be raised by our deliberate renunciation of the pledges we have given, by a resort to a paltry system of equivocation such as that which seems to find favour at present in some quarters.

It is when we come to look to the substantial advantages which are likely to accrue to us from an occupation, or even from the annexation, of Egypt, that we see the suicidal folly of the policy which our Jingoes are bent on urging upon us. What British interest is really at stake in Egypt? We have already discussed the question of the supposed importance of the Suez Canal in case of war, and need not further refer to it. We hold India, happily, upon a tenure which cannot be threatened by any event

that is likely to happen on the shores of the Mediterranean, even though it were the conquest of Egypt by a Continental Power. Is it, then, a question of our actual commerce with Egypt itself that compels us to retain our hold upon it in defiance of our promises? There is no sane man, even among the Tory party, who would venture to assert that our trade with Egypt would be worth a war with Portugal, much less a war with France. The desire to hold the country in perpetuity is nothing more than an outburst of the maddest Chauvinism, and when we remember that its gratification would mean not only that war with a great Continental Power of which we have spoken, but the loss of the advantages we enjoy from our own insular position, and our embroilment in every Continental quarrel and intrigue, however desperate or however foolish, we are at a loss to understand by what process of reasoning any responsible body of men can have brought themselves to believe that the game would be worth the candle. Egypt must be permitted to secure under our fostering care a reasonable degree of national security and self-reliance, and when that end has been attained it must be placed under the protection, not of a single Power, but of Europe as a whole. This is the true and only solution of the Egyptian question. To wish for any other solution is to desire the embroilment of England in dangers and difficulties which it would be impossible to exaggerate. Fortunately the voice of patriotism is in this matter identical with the voice of honour and of prudence, and this fact, we cannot doubt, will ere long be recognised by the country as a whole.

POLITICAL DECENCIES.

IT is amusing to observe the ripple of excitement and indignation which has been produced in Unionist circles by Sir William Harcourt's vigorous handling of the brothers Dicey. Last Saturday's *Times*, for example, contained a letter, under the title we have given to this article, in which the writer in solemn tones uttered his emphatic protest against the manner in which Sir William Harcourt had presumed to speak of so august a person as Professor Albert Dicey; and in many other quarters there appears to be a disposition to look upon Sir William as an unpardonable offender against the decencies of debate, because he has treated the two Diceys in the fashion in which they had themselves treated Mr. Gladstone. We need hardly say that Sir William Harcourt stands in no need of our championship. All through his public life he has been known as one of the hardest hitters in the political arena. No man has himself been the subject of more brutal and unmannerly assaults than those which have been levelled against the member for Derby; and no man has ever shown greater good-nature in the way in which he has treated these personal attacks than he has done. His worst enemies could never affirm that he was a man who bore malice, who cherished any mean desire for personal revenge, or who knowingly hit below the belt. But he has always claimed for himself, when engaged in political conflict, the right to hit his hardest at his foes; and many a time he has extorted words of admiration from the lips even of his opponents by the brilliant courage and splendid energy with which he has borne himself in the heat of some fierce political contest. That he may not at all times have succeeded in conciliating those whom he found ranged against him, and that he has sometimes by the vigour of his invective given alarm to weak brethren even on his own side, may be perfectly true, but is not at all to his discredit. In the case which has moved some of our Liberal-Unionist friends to transports of indignation, Sir William certainly handled the objects of his censure in a manner which had nothing of tenderness in it. But those who now raise a cry about "political decencies," and who solemnly rebuke the member for Derby for alleged offences against good manners, would have been wiser if they had recalled the provocation he had received. The two Diceys—Mr. Edward Dicey the journalist, and Mr. Albert Dicey the professor—had both written or spoken of Mr. Gladstone in a manner for which it is impossible to find any justification. The professor has attempted to defend his reference to "Old Timbertoes" by the declaration that he spoke metaphorically, but he has forgotten to say that his whole speech was couched in a tone of almost brutal insolence towards a man who is as much his superior in position and worth as he is in years. As for Mr. Edward Dicey, we prefer not to speak plainly about that person's offence against decency. We were surprised to see his article in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century*, and we were not surprised at the outburst of indignation with which it was received by others besides Sir William Harcourt. There is no man even among the Unionists who will not feel that in the castigation he received from the member for Derby Mr. Dicey met with nothing more than his deserts.

But when we are called upon to protect decency in political debate, we feel some natural surprise at the quarter from which the demand reaches us. Every reasonable human being has deplored the length to which party passion has carried men in the controversies of the last few years, and we regret that it cannot be said that it is only upon one side that strong language has been allowed to lose itself in bad language. But who have been the worst offenders in this matter? Let us put Mr. Gladstone on one side. Even the people who write in Scotch Tory reviews or London evening newspapers have not so far forgotten themselves as to charge Mr. Gladstone with being one of those who violate the decencies of debate. Can they claim similar credit for Lord Salisbury, whose "Hottentot" speech has been followed up in recent years by many another in equally bad taste? Or, to take men who have not attained to the leadership of the party, can they affirm that Sir William Harcourt has ever said anything approaching in rudeness and vulgarity to what was said barely a week ago by the ex-Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Marquis of Londonderry, when he declared, without periphrasis of any kind, that Mr. Morley was either a knave or a fool? Or, again, will they pretend that Liberal newspapers are more violent and less decent in their language than some of the prints which profess to represent the combined interests of Toryism and culture? Why, even a perusal of the Irish leaders in the *Times* must suffice to show on which side there has been the greater lack of decency in debate during recent years.

It is not, however, by a mere *tu quoque* of this kind that we can adequately handle the topic which has been incidentally raised by Sir William Harcourt's dealings with the Messrs. Dicey. We admit, as fully as any of the correspondents of the *Times* can wish us to do, that the want of restraint, of mutual courtesy, of gentlemanly self-command, in political controversy is a very great and, we fear, a growing evil. And it is not merely because it is an evil which always brings its own punishment upon those who indulge in it that we earnestly trust that on the Liberal side it will henceforth be sternly repressed. It is the general life of the nation, not the interest of any political party, that is directly affected by this

violence in debate. For many years Englishmen have been accustomed to express a holy horror at the extravagances in vituperation which have been common in French and American newspapers. They can no longer afford to take any airs of superiority upon themselves in this matter; and for the sake, not of any one party, but of the national reputation, we deeply deplore the fact. Bad manners in controversy, the use of coarse or violent words, the deliberate imputation of bad motives—all these are signs not of the strength but of the weakness of the cause on behalf of which they are used. The use of the word "Separatist" as a description of English Home Rulers has, for example, been nothing more than a confession of weakness on the part of their opponents—as Mr. Albert Dicey, with his pleasant metaphor of "Old Timbertoes," could easily have explained. The greatest political controversialist we have seen in England during the present century, the man who has fought most battles and won most victories, has been, as we have already said, conspicuous for his careful avoidance of mere abuse, and of everything which tended to lower the tone of public life. It may be too much to expect our opponents to take example from Mr. Gladstone. We must be content with knowing that if they do not, their children certainly will. But Liberals, who profess an unswerving devotion to their leader, can hardly show that devotion better than by imitating his scrupulous moderation in the use of invective and his unfailing courtesy in debate.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

THE very brilliant and impressive speech of the Archbishop of Canterbury at the Church Congress at Rhyl reminds the Church of one of the many services she has received at Mr. Gladstone's hands, in the gift of a powerful personality and an astute manager of men. But, with all his ability, we very much doubt whether the Primate was wise either in the matter or the manner of his speech. It was intellectually far above the average of the vigorous partisan harangues which have set the key-note of the Congress. The Archbishop has, at all events, some glimmering of the truth that a mere mechanical activity is no test of a living Church. The Establishment in Wales, with its ostentatious church-building, its elaborate show of wealth, its attempts to dazzle, and even to bribe, the Welsh people into a practice of religion which is not congenial to them, is not an impressive spectacle. The Archbishop wisely glides over this aspect of Church propaganda, and dwells on the more sanctified past. His account of the part which the Welsh Church has played in the national history will hardly stand, but it is very much better than the vulgarian notion that you can build up a Church with the power of the purse. Nevertheless, we cannot but regard the effect of the Archbishop's speech and visit to Rhyl as entirely mischievous. This is the second time within a year or so that the Congress has gone to Wales. It has done so with the obvious intention of fighting the Establishment's battle and identifying the English section with its Welsh annexe. The Congress has now definitely pledged itself to an identity of view regarding the two institutions. The breaking of the connection is to be regarded not as the loss of a mortifying member, but as the severance of a vital organism. We have only to repeat our belief that this is a very bad thing for the Church in England, which insists successively on treating its own case as parallel with that of the dead garrison Church in Ireland, the alien and non-national Church in Wales, and the non-popular Church in Scotland.

The spectacle of this militant insistence on an unreal ecclesiastical unity is not made the more impressive by the revelation of the essential divisions of doctrine and opinion of which the Congress has been full. The Establishment maintains an artificially firm front to what it regards as the common enemy, though, for the matter of that, the idea that the Church is menaced by the loss of a certain temporal position always strikes an outsider as a slightly unworthy conception. But when we come to questions of faith and conduct, how wide is the divergence! Nothing revealed it more clearly than the discussion last Wednesday—the very pertinent and interesting discussion—as to whether missionaries or clergymen were best married or single. The united Church is on this question as sharply divided as it is well possible to be. The suggestion that the Catholic notion of an unwedded clergy has a solid basis of successful propaganda beneath it, is steadily growing in favour with a section of the Church which absorbs much of the general stock of spiritual energy and secular devotion. It is, of course, anti-Protestant at its root, and it is vehemently repudiated by the Evangelicals. How are these contradictory views to be reconciled? If they are not, will not the time come when High Church and Low Church will say, as not a few distinguished members of the former section are inclined to say to-day: "Better Disestablishment than that such doctrines and practices should have the sanction of State authority?" If the old Coleridgean idea of a truly National Church, upholding a certain standard of ethics, of intellectual and moral leading, had any force to-day, we might have a strong body of argument in favour of letting the divergencies within the bosom of the Church settle themselves, while a nobly wide institution kept beneficent watch and ward over the faith and conscience of the nation, drawing to herself its best intellects, and being subtly moulded to the workings of the Time Spirit. But Mr. Gladstone's powerful hand has shattered the Broad Church party. It exists to-day as a few isolated units; it occupies no single position of power among the higher offices of the Church; it has in no sense the "promise of the future." In its absence, how long is the nation likely to tolerate the spectacle of what are almost two warring sects, united mainly on questions of endowment, claiming regard as the one and undivided National Church of England?

We are afraid we cannot congratulate the Church Congress on its references to the Labour question. Here again we have the attempt to impose Church influence on classes with which the Church has no real point of contact. The Bishop of Bedford—who, as the Bishop of the East End, possesses what is in many senses the greatest parish in the world—appears to imagine that the Church can replace in the confidence of the working men the persons to whom, with curious infelicity, he applies the question-begging epithet of "crafty and selfish agitators." It is curious that in these matters the Church of England appears incapable of taking a lesson from the far more astute policy of the Church of Rome. The Roman Church has never spared her enemies; but she is equally careful in never assuming that she has an enemy till she has thoroughly tested the facts. And here is a Church, undemocratic in its constitution, whose livings are all freeholds, whose members have no voice in the appointment of their pastors, proposing to take the democracy in hand, and to prove to it, off-hand, that its leaders are unworthy its confidence. Such talk carries with it a certain suspicion of sanctified "bluff" which will not disguise the real weakness of the Congress-holders at Rhyl.

THE ARGENTINE CRISIS.

THE state of affairs in the Argentine Republic is becoming even more serious than it was, and the Government in its helplessness and alarm is floundering so mischievously that it is likely to provoke disastrous consequences. Last week the Finance Minister introduced into Congress a Bill proposing amongst other things a *moratorium*, or delay of redemption, during two years, of all debts payable in gold, with option to creditors to claim payment in currency at 250 per cent.; foreign debts in gold, however, to be payable in paper at the price of the day. At the present time the premium on gold is 345 per cent.; that is to say, 100 dols. in gold are worth 445 dols. in paper; and the proposal of the Finance Minister comes to this, that, unless a creditor doing business in the Argentine Republic who has stipulated for repayment in gold is willing to take 250 dols. for the 445 dols. which his gold is worth, he must not claim payment for the next two years. In other words, it is an attempt indirectly to put a stop to all gold contracts, to compel everyone doing business in the Argentine Republic to deal in the depreciated notes of the country whether he may have advanced gold or not; and to attain this object the Government asks Congress to decree that the creditor must either forfeit nearly 10s. in the £ or go without his money for two years. The Finance Minister pleads that there is not gold enough in the country to fulfil the contracts that have been entered into. But if that be so, would not the proper course be to require the creditors to accept payment in paper at its current value in gold? No reasonable creditor would object to that, and if he did there would be little sympathy for him; for it would be absurd to expect that the whole country should be ruined for the sake of enforcing impossible contracts. But it is one thing to require creditors to take payment in paper at the market value of the paper, and it is another of an entirely different nature to require them to take payment in paper at double its real value. That is not only a violent interference with contracts, but it is a clear confiscation of the property of traders in the Republic. If the Bill could be enforced it would, in fact, inflict so great a loss upon European bankers doing business in the Republic that probably most of them would be ruined. They borrow money in Europe and lend it out in Argentina. They will have to pay every penny they owe in Europe or go into bankruptcy, and if nearly half what they lend is confiscated in Argentina how can they fulfil their European contracts?

The Bill is expected to pass by everybody at all acquainted with the country; but it can be safely predicted that it cannot be enforced. Over and over again the Argentine law courts have decided that Congress has no power to legislate *ex post facto*, and furthermore, that gold contracts are valid; that it is in accordance with the Constitution and the laws for full-grown men to enter into any kind of contract they please which is not contrary to the public good or to morality, and that the contract can be enforced. That being so, it seems safe to predict that the European bankers doing business in the Republic will refuse to be bound by the Bill when it passes, and that they will fight through the law courts every case in which a debtor attempts to avail himself of the measure. Unfortunately, however, that is likely to be a very costly and tedious proceeding. During the late *moratorium* it is quite true that debtors generally did not avail themselves of the opportunity to suspend payment for three months. The English bankers who do business in the Republic report that their debtors generally were as prompt in their payments during the *moratorium* as since. But a three months' suspension was very short. Every debtor who had any care for his good credit would bear in mind that if he were to refuse payment for the three months he would be unable to get accommodation at the end of that time, and he would therefore strain every effort to keep his engagements. But if debtors are allowed to refuse payment for two years, the case may be very different. That is a long period of grace, and very many, it is to be feared, will be tempted to take advantage of it. If so, the banks may have to engage in so many law-suits that they will be worn out; and furthermore, it is only too probable that every possible obstruction and delay will be offered. Naturally, therefore, the shares of European banks doing business in Argentina are falling in price; and it is possible that even some of those who have lent to the banks for a long period, such as a year, may think it well to give notice that they will not continue the loans. If so, the banks will be placed in a very awkward predicament. It will be difficult for them to collect the debts due to them in the Argentine Republic, and yet they must repay their depositors when the time comes. It is to be hoped, however, that European depositors will take a calm view of the situation; and the banks—at all events, the English banks, whether of the ordinary kind or mortgage banks—are exceedingly well managed. If they were not they could not have so long tided over the crisis through which the country is passing. They have been very careful in selecting the persons to whom they made advances, and they have been equally careful in not trusting anyone to too large an extent. It is safe to say, therefore, that if home confidence in them continues they will overcome the present difficulty. In the long run the Courts must decide that the Bill is unconstitutional, and when that is done all debts due can be recovered.

The strangest part of the matter is that public opinion seems to be strongly against the Bill. It is said that the commercial classes generally have petitioned Congress to throw it out. And, what is even more significant than petitions or newspaper criticism, the premium on gold has risen rapidly since the Bill was introduced; in other words, the depreciated paper money is depreciated more and more as the probability of the Bill passing increases. There is only one possible explanation of this; it is that the trading classes generally recognise clearly the suicidal character of the Government policy. They see that if the foreign banks were to be ruined the country would suffer still more, and that if the foreign banks triumph over the Government and Congress the credit of the nation will sink even lower than it is in Europe. Opponents of the Government allege that the measure is a mere electioneering dodge, that Ministers know it to be unconstitutional, and never intend to attempt enforcing it. There are large numbers of influential politicians, it is said, who borrowed immense sums during the Celman Administration, often in gold, and who are now unable to fulfil their engagements. Now that the Presidential Election is approaching it is thought possible to secure the support of these men, and their support can be secured, it is alleged, only by relieving them of their pecuniary difficulties. The allegation may be as groundless as other notorious allegations; but if there is not some political motive at the bottom of the Bill it is difficult to see why the Government should make enemies of the only sound credit institutions in the country, and should run counter to the opinion of the trading and financial classes. In any case its blunder is sure to have disastrous consequences. It has already caused a further great depreciation of Argentine securities; it has caused

apprehension respectimg the foreign banks doing business in Argentina; it has deepened the disinclination of the general public to have anything to do with the country, and amongst all classes it has intensified the crisis at home.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THAT the defacement of a visitors' book before the tomb of Victor Emmanuel by three mischievous young Frenchmen should form the chief burden of the foreign despatches of the past week shows with what jealousy the Italian people have viewed the pilgrimage to St. Peter's, and at the same time marks the dearth of any foreign events of real importance. A great deputation to the Mayor of Rome, begging that protestations of loyalty should be sent to King Humbert, was followed by like demonstrations throughout the provinces. The prompt action of the French authorities is the best answer to the absurd suspicions which have been entertained as to the relations of the Republic and the Vatican. M. Harmel, the director of the pilgrimages, at once expressed regret to the Minister of the Interior; and at its meeting on Saturday the French Cabinet decided to forbid the bishops to promote any further pilgrimages for the present, and to cut short the programme they had already arranged.

"C'est ici qu'est le véritable pèlerinage!" truly said M. Ranc at the unveiling of the Garibaldi statue at Nice on Sunday. There were French naval officers, Italian deputies, various clergy, foreign consuls, a few Garibaldi Red-Shirts, and innumerable members of local and Italian societies there; and though the only notable speeches beside that of M. Rouvier were those of General Canzio and M. Ranc, the occasion was, for cordiality and enthusiasm, a memorable one.

Speaking of pilgrimages, there are said to have been 1,900,000 visitors to Trèves, where the "Holy Coat" function terminated on Saturday last.

The funeral of General Boulanger did not pass off without some slight disturbances; but no attempt at a political demonstration was made. After all, a week which sees the end of Boulangism and Parnellism is not likely to be forgotten.

The population of the third port of France—after waiting till the day before yesterday for a sewage system—might well, as they did, make its opening the occasion of a great demonstration. The Premier, who was accompanied to Marseilles by no less than five of his colleagues of the Cabinet, took the opportunity of stating that Bills were being prepared providing for arbitration in case of strikes, and for the protection of the lives and health of workmen.

In a world which has the honour of retaining the services of M. de Blowitz there will never be a dearth of international small-talk. That eminent gossip repeats his story of a Russo-Persian treaty, and adds, by way of collateral evidence, as an instance of the competition for commanding influence at Teheran, that one Power has promised the Shah another free tour of Europe. He also declares that if France shows herself willing, an actual treaty with Russia will be signed in the course of a few weeks. By the same industrious hand is brought to light—apparently only for the sake of the circumstantial contradiction—an obscure *canard* to the effect that Spain had joined the Triple Alliance, and, with German and English aid, would invade South-west France.

The death of King Charles of Würtemberg is noticed in another column. It is curious to read the description of the deceased monarch in the *Reichsanzeiger* as a "good, noble, and upright prince."

A Ministerial crisis in Bulgaria was no sooner announced than it was settled, M. Grecoff, the Foreign Minister, taking up, in combination with his own, the portfolio of Justice abandoned by M. Tontcheff, whose grievance was that his functions were usurped by the Premier, M. Stambouloff. M. Tontcheff has since betaken himself in his anger to Bucharest, whence he utters threats of inconvenient revelations about the Panitza plot, and the incidents which followed the massacre of M. Beltchef.

There are again rumours that Roumania has joined the Triple Alliance.

"Russification"—it is a mild term which covers a policy by no means mild—proceeds apace in Finland as well as in the Balkan provinces. Our friends across the Channel will not like to hear that the "Marseillaise" has been tabooed in the Grand Duchy. The press censor is also busy; and diverse stumbling-blocks are put in the way of natives in the official service. The Finns are said to be getting rebellious, and fights and disorder in the streets of the capital are reported.

In the elections to the Norwegian Storthing, the Left party—which favours repeal of the union with Sweden—has already secured 50 out of 74 seats yet contested, and out of a total of 114.

Captain Younghusband was alive and safe on the 15th of last month, and was then returning to India.

The conference on trade relations between Canada and the States, which was to have been opened at Washington next week, is postponed.

The ill-feeling between the Chilian Junta and the United States continues. Señor Jorge Montt will probably be nominated as President of the Republic.

The report of fighting in Guatemala is repeated from Mexico, with the addition that the President of Salvador is meditating a *coup* with the object of bringing the five central republics under his rule. It is a curious commentary upon modern newspaper enterprise that, after so long an interval, we should still be without reliable information of important national movements upon American soil.

JUSTICE IN MANIPUR.

EXCEEDINGLY meagre telegraphic reports informed the country that the trial of the Manipur Princes was proceeding. Then came successive announcements that the sentence of death upon the Senapati, really Jubraj, was confirmed, and that the wretched man whom the Government of India on the 21st February, before any inquiry had taken place, condemned to "be removed from Manipur and punished for his lawless conduct," had been hanged. It was naturally assumed that the trial was carried out on the principles of justice which we are accustomed to profess, and that the evidence was conclusive. The whole incident was quickly forgotten. Of the manner in which the trial was actually conducted and of the nature of the evidence brought forward we are now able to form an opinion. The whole proceedings, together with a memorandum by Mr. Mano Mohun Ghose, a barrister of the High Court of Calcutta, have been published. The writer of the preface to this important pamphlet states that "the trial of the Manipur Princes has been denominated 'a mockery of justice.'" Let the facts speak for themselves in the case of the Jubraj.

The special Court consisted only of two military officers and a Deputy Commissioner, who, it is evident, were guileless of legal knowledge. The instructions to this body, the terms of the authority derived from the Government of India, are unfortunately not forthcoming. The following appears, however, to have been the procedure adopted:—The Court opens on June 1st with the examination of witnesses for the prosecution, which continued till the 4th, fourteen witnesses being examined. The President then minutes the proceedings with the words—"The prosecution is closed." Two charges—waging war against the Empress of India, and abetting murder—are now read, apparently, for the first time, and the prisoner pleads "not guilty." On the following day the Court reassembles, and, after examining a new

witness for the prosecution, "adjourns at the request of the prisoner, who wishes to prepare a written statement which he has not completed." On the 6th the Court opens with an additional charge, that of murder, and proceeds to a rigorous cross-examination of the prisoner, including several catch-questions, and ending with, "Have you ever been punished by the political agent on a criminal charge?" No evidence of any sort had been produced to suggest this question. Six witnesses for the defence were then examined, and the Court closed on the 8th. On the 10th the Commissioners sign a species of report reviewing the evidence in a way which, to say the least, discloses total incapacity for judicial functions; and on the 11th they find the Jubraj guilty of the first and second charges, and pronounce sentence of death.

The method of procedure adopted appears to have been sufficiently remarkable, considering that the law of India only permits the examination of a prisoner in his own interest, and further requires a record in the prisoner's own language. No such record exists, and yet the Court in its report, or summing-up, laid stress upon the terms of answers interpreted, as was much of the evidence, through the medium of Hindustani and Manipuri, and written down in English. This, however, is not all. Professional assistance was denied to these two native Princes on trial for their lives. They were allowed only the services of a Bengali Babu, who kept a shop in Manipur, "never had any experience of how criminal trials are conducted," but possessed "some knowledge of the Manipuri language" and an "imperfect knowledge" of English.

Janoki Nath Bysak, as this individual is called, though hopelessly incapable of cross-examining the witnesses for the prosecution, whose evidence suggests abundant matter for cross-examination, was able to write down the prisoners' statement of defence. According to his affidavit, this statement, after having been signed by the Jubraj and delivered to the Court, was revised by the President and by a "Captain du Moulin who used to attend the court as special correspondent for the *Pioneer* and certain other Anglo-Indian newspapers, and who, the President said, would be able to revise the said statement properly." This newspaper correspondent accordingly took away the document, and returned it duly corrected the following day. The Babu with an "imperfect knowledge" of English copied out the corrected defence, and obtained the signature of the prisoner without reading it over to him, or noticing the nature of the corrections.

Having now deliberately refused all legal assistance to the unfortunate prisoners, the Government of India, with a lingering sense of elementary justice, permitted Mr. Ghose to draw up a "memorandum of arguments" upon the case. Unable to cross-examine a single witness, to advise the prisoner, to address the Court, to ensure the regularity of procedure of the amateur judges, or to argue the matter in person before the confirming authority, the counsel discharged his maimed functions with conspicuous ability and studious moderation. He was at once able to point out the real nature of some of the interpolations inserted by the Court and the newspaper correspondent, without the prisoner's knowledge, into his written defence. He powerfully argues the question as to whether the act of taking up arms against the Empress of India could, in the peculiar and undefined status of Manipur, be construed into treason punishable with death; he exposes the weakness and triviality of the slight fragments of evidence which bear upon the second charge—that of abetting murder. Finally, it is to him that we owe knowledge of the proceedings which would doubtless have otherwise been hushed up for ever. Under the greatest difficulties, he did his best for his hapless clients.

When the wretched Gordon was transported in a ship-of-war to Morant Bay, and sentenced to death by a court-martial composed of two young naval lieutenants and an ensign of the West India Regiment, there was at least the pretext of a panic. When the Manipur Commission began its sittings, the State was absolutely at the feet of the Government of India. Vengeance had already been taken to an extent which will never be fully known in this country. For one British subject who lost his life it is probable that more than ten Manipuris fell. Every condition demanded that the trials of the Princes should be conducted under circumstances of the most scrupulous legality. Wholly irregular as was the mixed Court by which Gordon was condemned, it at least observed the forms of procedure laid down for courts-martial. Under what law was the Manipur Court constituted? What conceivable rules guided a procedure which might almost have been borrowed from "Alice in Wonderland"?

By this Court both the Regent and the Jubraj were found guilty on the charge of making war, and both were sentenced to death. The sentence of the former was commuted to imprisonment for life. The latter, convicted also on the charge of abetting murder, was executed.

We are warranted in the assumption, therefore, that the second conviction determined the action of the Government of India. The evidence bearing on the second charge can now be studied by everyone. Witnesses *for the prosecution* state that the Jubraj actually went to the Durbar summoned by Mr. Quinton on the 22nd March, but was kept waiting, and went away, being unwell; that he personally defended Mr. Quinton's party when attacked by the mob which killed Mr. Grimwood, and gave directions that they should be taken care of; that the Tongal General gave orders for the execution; and that the Jubraj immediately went over to remonstrate with him. It thus rested with the prosecution to prove either that the man who had saved the lives of the British officers a short time before suddenly changed his mind and concurred in their execution; or that he left the Tongal General under the impression that he so concurred; or that, having reason to believe that the Tongal General really intended to carry out the execution, he went to sleep without taking measures to prevent it.

Readers of the evidence will form an opinion as to whether any one of these points was proved, or whether the presumption does not lie quite the other way, even though no proper cross-examination took place, and the evidence for the prosecution is practically a collection of statements. Here is a specimen of the untested evidence bearing on the point vital to the prisoner's case. Abu Chao Yenkorba states:—"On my return the Tongal General said, '*The Jubraj before this told you* to give up the sahibs to the Lamie (executioner); why have not you done it?' I then went back to the bungalow and told the Lalup Chingbas of the order," etc. The Babu shopkeeper—the sole advocate of the prisoner—may fairly be excused, but it is almost incredible that it did not ~~not~~ occur to any member of the Court to put to the witness the obvious question, upon which the whole matter turned, "Did the Jubraj tell you this?" That the statement of Yenkorba as it stands is absolutely inadmissible as evidence would be apparent to any junior clerk in a solicitor's office. Yet it is actually quoted by the Court in giving judgment, and classed among "important particulars." After this, the nature of the alterations made in the prisoner's written defence by the casual correspondent of a newspaper, stated to have been decidedly hostile to the prisoner, becomes less surprising. Here is the passage, the interpolated word being placed in brackets:—

> The defendant urged the impropriety of such a dreadful action of killing such high officers, and the General said, "Have you lost your senses? and do you think that there is any chance of reviving

the lost friendship with the British? It is better to do away with the British officers and subjects who were ushered in of their own accord."

The defendant then fully explained to him the inevitable consequences hereafter, and the old man seemed willing to abide by (them), and remained in silence.

In his affidavit, the Babu says that in the original document he "simply used the words 'abide by,' intending to mean that the Tongal was willing to abide by his (the defendant's) wishes. I failed to notice that the interpretation of the word 'them' by Captain du Moulin had the effect of altering my meaning, and that of the Jubraj, in such an important matter." A further substitution, apparently by the President of the Court, of the word "mutiny" for the harmless terms "business" and "incidents," originally written by the Babu, will now appear natural. This method of converting a prisoner's defence into a confession of guilt seems almost worthy of Fouquier Tinville.

The document with which the Court preface their finding and sentence deserves special study. It has nothing of the nature of a judicial summing-up, for the many points in the prisoner's favour are ignored. The important fact that the Jubraj "drove off the crowd" which attacked the British officers is turned against him as showing "every proof of the great control he possessed over his men"—a control not denied by the prisoner and not in the least weakening his defence. The illness, affirmed by four witnesses for the defence, corroborated by one witness for the prosecution, and subsequently confirmed by a telegram from Mrs. Grimwood, is dismissed as a "mere pretence." The allegation that the prisoner after his dispute with the Tongal General went to sleep is asserted to be "almost beyond the bounds of evidence. If he really did so, such an action would have implied nothing but consent to the murder." It showed "incomprehensible callousness." Yet if it were true that the Jubraj, as his statement—before it was altered by the newspaper correspondent—asserts, believed that the Tongal General had abandoned all intention of carrying out his threat, sleep appears perfectly natural. The Court may not have heard that Napoleon was in the habit of sleeping calmly under circumstances of infinitely greater moment; but they had, at least, before them the evidence of a British officer who simply and naturally states that at a time of anxiety as to the fate of Mr. Quinton and his Colonel—"I went into dinner and afterwards went to sleep."

The summing-up in this extraordinary trial brings one of its aspects into strong relief. While the rudimentary procedure adopted was such as might have been suitable to an investigation into the murder of Captain Cook at Owhyhee, some of the reasoning advanced by the Court almost suggests that Manipur had attained the organisation of a minor German State. One other point, which there was no advocate to bring home with power to the mind of the Court, will strike all who read this miserable history. The *fons et origo mali* was the attempt to forcibly arrest the Jubraj by night. The strongest presumption exists that, if a little delay had been granted, the man since hanged would, as a witness for the prosecution affirms that he himself declared, have surrendered himself.

For the honour of the country—and, in a special sense, for the honour of the Crown—it is to be hoped that the publication of the details of the Manipur trials will not be allowed to pass unnoticed. Our rule of India must represent justice, above all, to the minds of the native princes and people, or the right to rule ceases to exist. "Justice and mercy," said John Bright in the first of his great speeches on India in 1858, "are the supreme attributes of the perfection which we call Deity, but all men everywhere comprehend them; there is no speech nor language in which their voice is not heard." Have the eternal principles of justice and mercy been asserted in the case of Manipur?

THE FIGHT IN NORTH-EAST MANCHESTER.

MANCHESTER, October 7th.

A FINE day for the election has been the prayer of all Liberals. Yesterday the heavens descended in a deluge, and a trudge through North-East Manchester was anything but an agreeable form of recreation. The district is not cheerful at the best of times. Factories and workshops alternate with streets of two-storied houses, some fairly respectable-looking, others mean and squalid. It includes the district of Ancoats, which bears an ill-name for scuttling affrays, a high death-rate, and insanitary dwellings, but is equally the home of an honest and industrious artisan class. Towards Newton Heath it straggles gradually into a more open neighbourhood, which, however, is even less attractive, if possible, than the close-set streets. Patches of waste land, varied by occasional brickfields, form, on a pouring wet day, about as depressing a landscape as could well be seen. The district is also the seat of a remarkable social experiment, carried on by the residents with the aid of a few friendly outsiders. Originating with a series of Sunday lectures, the operations of the Ancoats Recreation Committee now include University Extension lectures, monthly "At Homes" in a public hall, reading parties, rambling parties, and a number of other arrangements for amusement or edification. But the men and women who take part in the rational pursuits just described represent only the upper crust of Society in the great Labour quarter. I think the majority are Liberals, and some have worked hard for the return of Mr. Scott. They have learnt during an acquaintance of some years' standing that his interest in their affairs is genuine, and that he has thoroughly taken in the importance of the question which, as he himself remarked yesterday, "will soon overshadow all others"—the Labour question; but the class below is a less calculable factor. Some of the very poorest and most ignorant inhabitants of Manchester live in this district, and a glance through the open doors of their houses is sufficient to show what manner of life they lead. A frowsy woman, with unkempt hair, a dirty floor, and a few bits of broken furniture, bespeak the character of their housekeeping. This class, having but few goods to remove, "flit," as the Lancashire phrase goes, whenever the rent becomes due, and have, therefore, the best of reasons for concealing their whereabouts. On this account tracing removals has been a heavy part of the election work.

The women throughout the division are said to be strongly Conservative—a fact for which the only explanation offered is the influence of the clergy and their doles of blankets. It is always known when they are hostile, because in those districts the children bespatter the Liberal committee-room doors with mud. Either the women or their husbands are very ignorant in some cases. "When's polling-day?" called out a girl at the door of a cottage where I was sitting. "To-morrow," replied my host. "Eh! I thought it was last Monday!" ejaculated the inquirer in a relieved tone of voice.

The streets have been very quiet. North-East Manchester keeps regular hours, being mostly engaged in factory work. At the dinner-hour the streets are full, and a more lively and interested air than usual might be observed on the face of the work-people, but, except for the chaff which the Lancashire mill-girl hurls, after her fashion, at the passers-by, little is said. The walls, however, are gay with posters. In this department the Conservatives have certainly displayed a singular lack of ingenuity, and, after careful examination, I have failed to discover anything of interest on their side.

The grossly unfair attempt made at the last election to damage Mr. Scott, on the score of his supposed opposition to the Ship Canal, has been answered by a telling cartoon representing the late Mr. Daniel Adamson shaking hands with Mr. Scott and saying, "If you stand again for Parliament, Scott, I will

come myself and support you, because of your services to the Ship Canal." An attempt to fix the responsibility of the unpopular muzzling order upon Liberal shoulders is met by a placard which begins, "The Muzzlers. Who muzzle the workman's dog, but not the gentleman's fox-hounds?—The Tories." And closes with a home-thrust, "Who muzzle Irishmen and would like to muzzle you?—The Tories. Who won't let them?—The electors of North-East Manchester." On the Tory side there is absolutely nothing but a mild reference to the unity of the Empire, and a plea of Sir James Fergusson, on account of his faithful services and his constant attendances at divisions. Sir James's diligent attendances were mentioned at one of Mr. Scott's meetings. "Ay, Board-room!" was the brief comment from the body of the hall, showing that Lancashire heads are, at any rate, clear enough to distinguish between voluntary and official attendances. Sir James has, indeed, no hold on the constituency beyond the fact of his Conservatism; he has nothing in common with the district which he represents.

Mr. Scott's meetings have been enthusiastic, and so unanimous as to be almost dull, the only disturbances coming from the disappointed crowds outside, who wanted to get in and could not. The meetings have invariably been packed, and the atmosphere has been like unto the Black Hole of Calcutta. It is well that the campaign, though sharp, is short, for no one could stand a prolonged course of such meetings. Never have so many M.P.s been seen together in the division before, and Lancashire workmen have had their fill of what, perhaps, they must enjoy in life—good political speaking. "Eh, that ould Labouchere, he's a rare old talker!" observed one man in a tone of immense satisfaction as Mr. Scott's final meeting broke up last night; and all political workers who were known in the district received each a special cheer. Before this letter sees the light we shall know the result; but, whatever it may prove to be, the battle has been gallantly fought, and Mr. Scott has immensely increased his personal hold on the district.

FOLK-LORE.

THE assemblage in London of an International Folk-Lore Congress enables us to realise how rapidly that which not fifty years ago was regarded as a somewhat childish and altogether profitless waste of time has developed into a branch of science, and that one which touches the roots of civilisation and of religion.

It was inevitable that so it should be, for whatever concerns man must have interest attaching to it, and must deserve study, whether it be his language, or his religious ideas, or his systems of medicine, or his popular poetry, music, myth, or those customs to which he clings without being able to give a rational account for them.

In certain districts that have been inhabited by man from remote ages—ages lost in pre-historic mists—we find heaps of refuse: kitchen middens, where have been cast the bones that have been picked and split for marrow, broken potsherds, useless tools, and the thousand articles that have for a time served a purpose, and then have become valueless to the possessor. These heaps of refuse are to us nowadays very precious storehouses from which to reconstruct the history of those who inhabited these stations from the beginning. The broken tools, the cast-away spindle-whorls, the fragments of pottery, the querns, the very bones that had been picked and scraped and split, all tell their tale, and are means whereby some light is let in on a past whose history has never been recorded by the pen.

In like manner is folk-lore a kitchen midden of past religions and civilisations. Each particular article gleaned may be in itself valueless, a ballad may be void of poetry, a legend may lack congruity, a custom may be simply vulgar, a local word grotesque, and yet when from the mouths and habits of the people much has been collected, sorted, sifted, and compared, it is found that a great deal can be learned from this accumulation.

Who would suppose, unless it had been established by a chain of evidence, that the burying of a bottle containing coins under a foundation-stone, is the relic of a primitive human sacrifice, when a living child or a young virgin was entombed alive as an oblation to the Earth Spirit for laying on the soil the burden of a structure of stone?

Who would imagine, when listening to the counting-out rhymes of children, that they were the reminiscence of the selection of a victim to be offered up for sacrifice to some deity?

Or who, again, unless he were a folk-lorist, would know that the Red Hand of Ulster, borne on every baronet's shield, is the hand of Thorr, the Thunderer, who, like Jove;

". . . . rubente
Dextera sacras jaculatus arces"?

Or, once more, who would suspect, till he had been taught, that the lucky third son, in fairy tales, who always succeeds where his brothers, his elders by birth, fail, is a survival in story of the time when the youngest son inherited the paternal acres and not the eldest?

There are usages which we accept and think nothing of, never questioning them, till some inquisitive folk-lorist comes in our midst, when, to our surprise, we find that they possess a very human interest. It is not so very long since breaking on the wheel has ceased to be a mode of execution in Germany and France; as we hung in chains, and exposed him who was hung to slow decay, so were those broken on wheels set up on their wheels between earth and sky. The wheel was the Sun-emblem to the Gauls, and to the Teutons also; and the putting to death of criminals on wheels is a relic of the old sacrifices of human victims to the Sun-god. So also our gallows is a relic of Paganism. Victims were offered to Odin by hanging. Odin himself is represented in an old Norse lay in the "Elder Edda" as hanging himself to a tree, a self-oblation to himself as God. The Norse sagas tell of a king who desired to dedicate himself to Odin, and he had a gallows erected before his palace, and got a friend to fasten a halter round his neck and pull him up. Another tells of a lady who, in order to brew some excellent ale, made an offering to Odin of her son, whom she hung to a tree. Our very nursery name of Ogre for a giant is a reminiscence of our Scandinavian ancestry, for Ogre is but Yggr, which was the name given to Odin to express his love of human sacrifices. And the word so commonly applied to the devil—the Deuce—is a reminiscence of our Celtic ancestry, who looked up to the Deuce as their supreme God.

The tenacity with which customs and household tales hold their own is in itself remarkable. During many centuries life in country places varied very little. In the Hebrides, still peasants lodge in beehive huts built precisely as those huts were built before Julius Cæsar set foot in Britain; in Cornwall to the present day stone frying-pans and spoons are used, as they were used before iron was known, before even bronze came into use. And so was it with other matters—matters of daily life; so was it also with folk-tales—tales that embodied the primitive mythology of a race were repeated by mothers to their children, from age to age, never committed to history, never greatly varied, never being displaced till the present age, when, with the introduction of general compulsory education, a new world opens to the eyes of those who enter the schools, and they feel an iconoclastic pride in breaking the idols of their youth, in casting away old legends, in violating sacred customs, and laughing down old prejudices.

It is consequently of supreme importance that

the folk-lore of our English peasantry should be collected now, for every year that passes sees its disappearance faster than previously occurred in a century.

A point that the assembly of an International Congress on folk-lore suggests is one extremely surprising and not a little perplexing; it is the similarity—almost identity—of customs and folk-tales in different places, where it is not possible to suspect transmission from one race or country to another. We have the judgment of Solomon in fresco in Pompeii; we find among the Malays and among the Kaffirs folk-tales that have a familiar ring in our ears; and we find the extraordinary and senseless custom of the "*couvade*"—when, after the birth of a child the father goes to bed, and is fed with pap instead of the mother—existing in the New World as well as the Old.

The science of folk-lore is still in its infancy. It is too early as yet to generalise and theorise. What folk-lorists have to do is to collect, and collect with accuracy. It has been well said that he who forms a theory ceases to observe accurately. Involuntarily, unconsciously, he distorts the things he sees to fit them into his theory.

But if folk-lore be a young science, it is one that has much promise in it, and it is one that will alone enable us to throw light on the past of such peoples as had no literature.

THE INTELLIGENT FOREIGNER.

HE is amongst us again—that admirable man who leaves his own country to study ours, and lectures us with such urbanity and goodwill. Time was when the intelligent foreigner was not very amiable and never accurate, when, indeed, he returned home, like the Frenchman described by Mr. Hamerton, and actually wrote a whole volume full of malicious fibs. But "A Son of Adam" who discourses on our institutions in the *Fortnightly Review*, is really anxious to be kindly, and is not altogether ill-informed. He is charmed by our hospitality and by the "fair-play" which permits the foreigner to write what he pleases about us in our very midst, without running any risk of being requested to make himself scarce. We "can afford to hear the truth," or what our censor supposes to be the truth, and therefore he pleasantly threatens us with another paper, in which he intends to deal much more frankly with our shortcomings. The worst of it is that the self-sufficiency of the British character makes us politely indifferent to foreign opinion. If this article in the *Fortnightly* had been written by an Englishman about some foreign nation in a foreign review, the welkin would have rung with protests from indignant patriots. Scribes have been expelled from Continental capitals for offences not much more heinous than that of asserting that the Englishman's bath is "of the most primitive description." Visions of the intelligent foreigner vainly trying to be comfortable in the "tub" which provides the Briton with all the exhilaration of indoor ablutions, are ample compensation for any strictures on our personal habits. If we do not make the bath a toy for the dilettante who likes to lounge in hot water, while he reads "Gyp" through the vapour of a cigarette, we can recall futile quests in the intelligent foreigner's native land for even the most elementary conditions of cleanliness. But, as a rule, the self-satisfied Englishman does not trouble himself to make retorts. He can read that our hotel coffee is like a mixture of coffee and stout, without feeling that he has been nursing a viper in his bosom. To be told that the monuments in Westminster Abbey are grotesquely ugly moves him not at all. Nor is he in the least ruffled by the news that he is hopelessly in the rear of other peoples, and that all his supremacy belongs to the past. His conscious superiority may exasperate those who see his real faults, but it has the very considerable advantage of saving him from that perpetual irritation which breeds bad blood between nations.

With every desire to learn as much as possible from our foreign critic, we are a little perplexed by his method. Englishmen, he says, are "more interested in the rhetoric of Mr. Gladstone than in good administration," and this judgment is apparently founded on the observation that we turn up our trousers at the bottom because the streets of London are always muddy. If the public thought less of Mr. Gladstone's oratory, they would insist on more effective cleansing the thoroughfares. This habit of reading Mr. Gladstone's speeches is also responsible, no doubt, for the blocks in the traffic of the City, which the intelligent foreigner thinks must cause the waste of a very large sum. It is easier to follow him when he points out the defects of the Post Office—notoriously the least progressive department in the public service—though he seems to imagine that it is impossible to send a message by hand in London with the same expedition that is employed in Paris. How imperfect is the machinery of local administration in our chief city no Londoner needs to be told; but in places like Birmingham and Manchester, where the influence of Mr. Gladstone's rhetoric is presumably less distracting to the municipal mind, "A Son of Adam" might find a municipal organisation less open to his satire. But it is this practical temper of the English people which most offends him. They are not sufficiently scientific. They prefer "rule of thumb" to elaborate theory. Look at the roads; on what principle of science are they constructed? We used to understand forestry, but where is the woodman now who knows when he ought to spare that tree? Here, again, the malign influence of Mr. Gladstone is manifest; for if he had not felled so many trees, Scotland might have been properly re-afforested. But it is characteristic of the Englishman to sacrifice everything to physical exercise. The intelligent foreigner says we are devoted to an "extravagant cult of the body." He has probably noticed those half-dressed young men who flit rapidly through the streets after dark like the ghosts of defunct athletes. Somebody who was recommended to the intelligent foreigner as a good man "all round," conveyed to him "a scarcely veiled contempt for book-learning." This seems to suggest that he has misunderstood Mr. Andrew Lang's enthusiasm for golf, or has missed the drift of a literary *causerie* by "A. B." Our mixture of books with athletic sports is probably a stumbling-block to this censor, who may not understand how a senior wrangler can be stroke in his University boat, instead of spending all his days in contemplation, assisted by spectacles.

But when the intelligent foreigner deals with the question of technical education, he undoubtedly strikes home. There is a curious conservatism in the British mind, which clings to the idea that the workshop alone, and not the school, is the place to learn a trade. This prejudice helps to hamper our industries in the competition with foreign workmen. There are important branches of training, both industrial and commercial, in which the foreigner is apt to be more thorough than his English rival. The indifference to modern languages in this country is gradually yielding to the spur of necessity; but the Briton is undoubtedly slow to grasp the fact that he must know some alien speech as well as his own beautiful vernacular if he wishes to compete with the foreigner on equal terms. "Fancy Erasmus," exclaims "A Son of Adam," "coming to England to learn Greek, or indeed anything else!" Well, he might not make an enormous addition to his stores of scholarship, but he would find, perhaps, something rather notable in the art of toleration. If we are slow to adopt ideas, we have at least no objection to

circulate them. There may be in the German Empire facilities for telegraphing money which we do not possess; but there is a facility here for speaking one's mind, of which the enlightened German has no experience. Chancellor von Caprivi thinks it consistent with his dignity to bring an action for libel against a working-man for some personal allusions at a public meeting. Here no Minister thinks it worth his while to set the law in motion against an assailant. We afford an asylum to intelligent foreigners who find that it is not safe to speak their minds at home. They expose their own Governments under our protection, and when they have any spare time they criticise our Government with equal freedom. We may not know alien tongues as well as aliens know ours, but till they set foot on our shores they do not know the tongue of perfect liberty. This fact appears to denote a capacity in the Englishman, which is somewhat superior to "the extravagant cult of the body"; but that is only another way of saying that the intelligent foreigner must enjoy our hospitality for a very long period before he is quite qualified to master the spirit of his hosts.

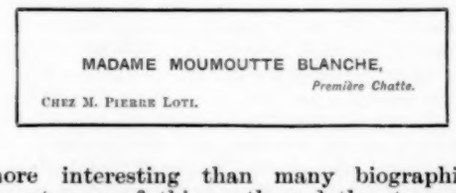
FRENCH LITERATURE.

IT is a commonplace that the sailor is a man who goes round the world without seeing it. This is only another way of saying that men of action are not men of contemplation—any more than Whigs are Tories, or Little-Endians are Big-Endians. The active man, to whom sensations and emotions are means to an end, is seldom found under the same hat as the contemplative man, to whom sensations and emotions are ends in themselves. (Was it not, in parenthesis, for some such reason as this that Plato banished poets from his ideal state?) But, once in a blue moon, the lion of action lies down with the lamb of contemplation, or, to speak without figure, the sailor is "doubled" with the artist, and then you have—M. Pierre Loti. The naval officer who is known by that name in the world of letters should have chosen a more suggestive pseudonym: Thackeray's pet "Poluphloisboio Thalasses," for instance. For it is impossible to appreciate the literary talent of this youngest of the Academicians without bearing in mind the fact that he is a sailor. One sees it in everything he writes. One sees it in his style, a style apart, the style of a man outside the literary movement—which is a movement of landsmen—the style of a man meditating in the silence of his cabin, the style of a man condemned by his long stretches of isolation to abound in his own sense. One sees it in his cast of thought. On the one hand a certain fatalism, an attitude of resignation, as of a sailor helpless in the trough of the sea, brought every day and night face to face with the immense, pitiless, irresistible forces of nature. On the other, an intellectual detachment, the inevitable attitude of a man who has seen all the kingdoms of the earth and the manners and customs thereof, and to whom therefore all is vanity while at the same time nothing is common or unclean. One sees it, too—here of course it leaps to the eyes—in his subject-matter. Like other sailors, he has had a wife in every port, and, unlike other sailors, he has described for us his successive *ménages*, his Paul-and-Virginia idylls in innumerable Pacific islands, his *amours* with Aziyadé in Constantinople, with Rarahu in Tahiti, with Madame Chrysanthème in Tokio.

True, as regards his subject-matter, Loti has now put on a new man. In the first book which he issues as an Academician, "Le Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort" (Calmann Lévy), we see no more of the much-married Loti. But though his matter has changed, his manner has not. We have the same fresh, ingenuous, spontaneous style, the same fatalism, the same gentle pessimism, the same philosophic detachment. Add: the same feeling for the exquisite, the subtle, the fugitive, in art. For among artists Loti is what his countrymen call "a sensitive." He vibrates to the slightest touch. He is open to impressions of minute or vague or volatile things, and records his impressions for us delicately. Do not hastily suppose, therefore, that he is a mere literary fribbler or piffler, for ever weighing butterflies'-wings in spiders'-webs. In striving to capture, to fix, the elusive, the impalpable things of the mind, enigmatic moods, half-ideas, crepuscular effects, he is widening the boundaries of art, extending its range, making it more expressive. He strives, not always, of course, successfully. You cannot express the inexpressible, cannot convey the indefinite in definite language. Thus, for instance, it is with dreams. Loti admits that we want a new language for them, a language apart.

"Je voudrais connaître une langue à part, dans laquelle pourrait s'écrire les visions de mes sommeils. Quand j'essaie avec les mots ordinaires, je n'arrive qu'à construire une sorte de récit gauche et lourd, à travers lequel ceux qui me lisent ne doivent assurément rien voir; moi seul, je puis distinguer encore, derrière l'*à peu près* de ces mots accumulés, l'insondable abîme." And so throughout this book we find again and again such confessions of failure as "je ne sais comment exprimer cela," and the epithets "étrange," "inexprimable," "indéfinissable."

But, more often than not, he succeeds. He succeeds because he has the secret of true artistic method, the secret of sympathy. Take, for instance, his sympathy for dumb animals—animals, however, which no one will venture to call dumb who has read Loti. His study of the harmless, necessary cat in the chapter "Vies de deux Chattes" is a revelation. There has been nothing like it in literature since Gautier's "Ménagerie Intime." But Gautier merely saw the humour of the cat; Loti shows us not only that, but its pathos, its—no one who reads this chapter will laugh at the word in this humble connection—psychology. The whole history of Moumoutte Blanche, who in her prime rejoices in a real visiting card,



is more interesting than many biographies of the great ones of this earth, and the story of her death as tear-compelling, the present writer deponeth in all seriousness, as the last acts of many famous tragedies. Loti has even an intimate sympathy for inanimate things; he penetrates to their true inwardness.

"Sur la grande table, couverte de certain tapis à fleurs connu toute ma vie, maman et tante Claire étalaient leurs chères corbeilles à ouvrage, où il y avait des choses qui j'appellerais *fondamentales*, si j'osais employer ce mot qui, dans le cas présent, n'aura de sens que pour moi-même; de ces petites choses qui ont pris place de reliques à mes yeux, qui ont acquis dans mon souvenir, dans ma vie, une importance tout à fait de premier ordre: ciseaux à broder, venus des aïeules, qu'on me prêtait avec mille récommandations quand j'étais tout enfant, pour m'amuser à des découpures; porte-aiguilles, lunettes, dés et étuis. . . . Si on me les détruisait, s'ils cessaient d'exister à leurs mêmes places éternelles, j'aurais l'impression d'avoir fait un grand pas de plus vers l'anéantissement de moi-même, vers la poussière, l'oubli."

Another note of this artistic temperament of Loti's is the double consciousness—the tendency to watch and analyse himself even in the very crisis of the most poignant emotion. Thus his affection for Tante Claire does not prevent him from minutely describing the successive impressions he receives at

each stage of her death-agony: just as the fraternal affection of that other "sensitive," Edmond de Goncourt, did not prevent him from noting meticulously every change of feature, every groan and contortion, in his dying brother Jules. Death indeed—the pity of it and the fear of it—is the main burden of this "Livre de la Mort." Moumoutte Blanche dies, and Moumoutte Chinoise, and Tante Claire, and poor Kaka-San, the paralytic, in the box in which her blind husband, Toto San, has drawn her about through the streets of Nangasaki. Naturally, the book is not exactly lively reading; a defect it shares with "Lear" and a few other masterpieces. But it sufficiently demonstrates two things. One—that "beauty" is not, as some think, incompatible with "realism." Two—that in choosing Pierre Loti of their number the Forty Immortals have for once chosen wisely.

"Soyons modernes!" was the watchword of the hero of a comedy to which all Paris was lately flocking. M. Henri Rabusson in his new novel, "Moderne" (Calmann Lévy), has rallied to this cry. All his personages are perpetually enjoining one another to be modern. For the "great goddess Lubricity," of Matthew Arnold's time, we now have the fetish Modernity. (It comes, as the cynic will find, to much the same thing in the end.) Madame de Lozange forbids the gentleman whom she loves, and by whom she is loved, ever to mention the topic of love in her presence. This is being modern. She fills her rooms with antique furniture. This is being modern. She gives a private performance of an exceedingly indecent play by a dramatist of the Théâtre Libre. This is being modern. It is all "le modernisme et le parisienisme à outrance des femmes à la mode." The obvious objection to modernity is that it is so very old-fashioned a fetish. Adam and Eve were excessively modern in their day, and no doubt when Satan tendered the apple that you wot of, he said "Soyons modernes!" But though M. Rabusson's "parrot-cry of modernity" becomes a little tiresome, his book is on the whole amusing reading. He is the successor to Octave Feuillet, the purveyor in ordinary of the "fashionable" novel—but he is a Feuillet with a difference, the fundamental difference between the realist and the idealist. His introduction of caricatures of several prominent "littery chaps" of the day, who are made to perform monkey-tricks for the contemptuous amusement of the "fashionables," will hardly endear him to his colleagues in the world of letters. And it is a serious diminution from his title, otherwise good, to be regarded as a realist. Do novelists, poets, critics, and journalists, really play the fool in this way to make a holiday for persons of quality (to use a phrase which was once palpitating with modernity) in the Paris of to-day? One hopes not. And one suspects not.

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

XLVI.—In Clare Market.

I USED at one time to take occasionally a short cut from Lincoln's Inn Fields into the Strand, through Clare Market and Clement's Inn. It always struck me that Clare Market had a quality, an individuality, of its own. As one turned into Sheffield Street one first became aware of the tone of the place: the atmosphere darkened, a woman very old and very drunk lurched across the pavement and leaned placidly against the wall—motionless, contemplative, awful; across the steam from the laundry, where all washing seemed hopeless, stole the certainty that in the neighbourhood someone was frying fish, a great deal of cheap fish. The cigarette became no longer a luxury, but a necessity. The certainty grew and grew, until one reached the corner where Sheffield Street joins Clare Market. There the shop stood, old, long-established, noted, as indeed it boasted in its placards. Within one could hear the gentle simmer of things unspeakably mysterious. One did not stop to examine details; but one could see purchasers. A thin girl, with spring-side boots gaping round her ankles, came briskly down the step; she held the thing in her hand—the thing that would be a dinner—hidden from common view by a wrapping of dank newspaper. She commenced to run. Was she desirous to get home while that thing was still warm?—or is it better cold? They knew in Clare Market. That was half the horror of it. They have strange knowledge in the dark streets and alleys here; they know things that are written in no books, that are to be discovered only by incredible experiences.

Even the children have their share of this separate, esoteric wisdom. A bald baby, looking like a dirty waxwork, reposes in complete solitude on a doorstep. It does not weep, as a West-End baby would under similar circumstances. When it desires society it will howl. At present it is content to survey its world—a sordid, constricted, odoriferous world—out of grave eyes, and gather in experience. It crawls off the doorstep and solemnly puts one small hand in a puddle. Then it returns to the doorstep: it has been investigating; it has discovered further food for thought. It will wait until its sister returns, and then it will wipe its dirty hand on its sister.

The corner shop is down now; so also are the buildings which adjoined it. There was a coal-shed, wherein a man, strong and grimy, sold the "arffundred." All are down, and the spot is a waste, strewn with portions of bricks, lumpy and uneven. Women with shawls on their heads watch their changed surroundings, and babble of new roads and County Councils. The change leads to much contemplation. A man must put both his hands in his pockets, tilt a hard green hat over his eyes, smoke a pipe with the bowl turned downward, and get used to the altered scene slowly and in silence. A woman must speak of it to another woman; in Clare Market every woman seems to be on speaking terms with every other woman. To the children the change means a larger playground; a lath is picked up and becomes a sword—an added realism to the child's pretence of war. As one wanders about this district, one happens at times on beautiful things; there are old shops here and there where one may find rare prints and old editions waiting for some collector to carry them off to a cleaner resting-place. There is a certain picturesqueness in the crowd that gather round the barrows in Clare Street on a bright Sunday morning. And the children do not stop being pretty, though they are frequently dirty and sometimes thin and ill-fed. But the place is not chiefly remarkable for its beauty.

It has seen many changes. It has watched its reputation go until now it is little more than an unsavoury slum. Here the Earl of Clare had his palace. Clare Street, Holles Street, Denzell Street, all take their names from his family. The butchers of Clare Market were famous; they were great theatre-goers, and their criticism was thought to be of importance. In a short time the whole aspect of Clare Market and of Clement's Inn, adjoining it, will have been altered once more.

M. PAULUS.

THERE was once a Frenchman who sang classical and sacred music with great taste and expression, but did not find it pay. So he gave it up and decided to increase the gaiety of nations by singing at music-halls. It was a great pity, perhaps; indeed, we are bound to believe it a great pity. But somehow we run to hear him now. His name is M. Paulus, and he has conquered Paris long since. When a man

has done that he is entitled to teach the rest of the world, and M. Paulus has come over to London to show our music-hall singers how it ought to be done. Perhaps this was not the purpose of his visit; but it certainly ought to be the result.

His engagement at the Trocadero Music Hall will end to-night, we believe, and has been a real success. The seats have been crowded, and the audience has shown a very hearty enthusiasm, which is the more remarkable when we consider that probably quite a large proportion, every evening, has not understood a word that M. Paulus sang. But indeed it is not necessary to understand: for he is a man of the most infectious mirth, and his eye alone has as much virtue as a good story. Add to this the charm of his phrasing, the "go" of the tunes, and the vigour of the whole performance, and the language might be Choctaw; it would still captivate. M. Paulus's anthology includes such successes as *L'Amant de la Tour Eiffel*, *Le Train de* 12.50, *La Pantomime*, 3 *Rue du Paon*, *Un Tour de Valse*, *Le Sifflomane*, and *Le Père la Victoire*, and he is hardly allowed to go to his night's rest before singing five of these. Between them it is difficult to decide, though in *L'Amant de la Tour Eiffel* he has our own vote. It is impossible to watch him as he drops into the lilt of

"*Viens danser Suzette . . .*"

without longing for Offenbach to live again, to give this singer his proper opportunities. In *Le Sifflomane*, again, M. Paulus shows himself an accomplished whistler, and in *Un Tour de Valse* he is a whole liberal education for the music-hall artiste. There is nothing much in the song—hardly more than there is in Mr. George Grossmith's "See Me Reverse"; but in the waltzing which accompanies the chorus we have all the restraint of the artist, as distinct from the artiste.

"A little more, and how much it is!"

—a little more, and it would be vulgarised, as we have many times seen the English song vulgarised. But with Paulus it is the true *μηδὲν ἄγαν*, light, deft, easy, and absolutely right. For reasons which we have hinted at above, the spectators show more appreciation of the Song without Words, which the performer calls *Une Rencontre sur le Boulevard*. Where no language is spoken, English or French are on common ground, and M. Paulus's gestures, subtle as many of them are, stand little chance of being missed by a London audience, which, after all is said and done, is as quick to take a point as any in the world. But here, again, we have the fine restraint which we noted before. There is not a trace of buffoonery in the whole of it.

When he comes to *Le Père la Victoire*, however, M. Paulus very properly lets himself go. There is no grace in the soul of a Frenchman who fails to glow with passion when the patriotic note is struck. Everybody knows the air, but the words of his song have hardly less charms.

"Le printemps parfumé,
Le jeu, le vin, j'ai tout aimé—
Le gai tin-tin, le glouglou d'un flacon
Me mettait folie en tête,
Et lorsque j'étais pompette,
Je me grisais d'une folle chanson:
Mais le bruit en chanteur
Qui me faisait battre le cœur
—Plan, rataplan, rataplan!
C'etait ce bruit là, mes enfants!"

And when the singer reached the third verse, with its

"J'ai fait la guerre au bon vieux temps
Quand nous faisions campagne
Là-bas en Allemagne, . . ."

there was just that emotion in his voice which will, some day, go for more than all the pacific speeches which have been made in Europe for these twenty-one years. It was worth while to see the Frenchmen in the audience recognising that emotion in a strange land. We have our own patriotic singers, to be sure, to fire us on occasion; but the enthusiasm they inspire is not for all the world. Possibly it might be interesting to know what effect would be produced on a French audience by that famous line—

"The Rushans shall not 'ave Constantinowple";

but, on the whole, though we owe the proprietor of the Trocadero our thanks for redressing the balance of Europe by bringing M. Paulus across the Channel, we hope there will be no exchange of these international courtesies—at least, not just yet. Mr. Macdermott is a great man—and, indeed, is advertised as such on the bills—but for the sake of our reputation we cannot spare him, or his fellows, to Paris for some little while. In plain truth, part of the effect produced by the art of M. Paulus and of his companion Mlle. Juniori—on whom a page of praise might be written—was to make the rest of the singers seem somewhat more contemptible performers than they really were. This may be saddening for the moment; but on reflection it becomes reassuring, for it proves that the art of the music-hall, conscientiously pursued, may be a very great art indeed. Londoners who have visited the Trocadero during the last week or two can hardly have failed to see that it contains higher possibilities than raucous shouting and the violent jactitation of legs.

THE DRAMA.

A LULL in theatrical affairs permits me to attempt some sort of a reply to the friendly remonstrance addressed to me the other week by my colleague A. T. Q. C. No, not a reply, for the fundamentals of æsthetics are outside the pale of argument. Talk about "truth," "beauty," "reality," and such high matters inevitably tends to the most futile logomachy. We none of us take the trouble to define our terms, and couldn't if we tried; and, in the end, the only disputant who is rescued alive from the piled ruins of begged questions and circular arguments is your jesting Pilate, protected by the triple brass of his note of interrogation. Nevertheless, I will cheerfully resign myself to this bad business of darkening counsel, rather than seem lacking in courteous attention to Mr. Couch, whose charm as an artist is enhanced for me by his wilfulness as a critic. It appears, then, that he and I are at loggerheads about the word "realistic." Speaking of Mr. H. A. Jones's *Saints and Sinners*, I mentioned three typical endings of a seduction-story, and opted for one of them as the "realistic" ending. Mr. Couch maintains, "on the contrary, that any one of these endings may be as 'realistic' as any other. Obviously, all three lie within the limits of possibility; and, for the rest, it all depends upon the author's finding and on his ability to convince his audience that the ending which he chooses is true." Yes; but on what does the author's ability to convince me that his ending is true depend? Obviously, upon the nature of the ending. For the author is a man, not a miracle-monger; and if he has chosen an improbable, that is to say, an exceptional, ending, one that experience of actual life shows as happening only once, say, in a hundred times, not all his art can juggle me into the belief that his ending is probable, common, one of the ninety-and-nine. He may, of course, take the hundredth, the exceptional, ending, if he chooses; but then I deny him the title of "realist." For I take it that realism deals with the average, the everyday, the things that happened to you yesterday and will happen to me next week. And here, of course, as I warned you, the question-begging begins.

For my realism, evidently, is not Mr. Couch's realism. With him the realistic means the possible, anything that at some time or other, somewhere or other, may conceivably happen. This, I submit to him, is to use the word "realism" as a synonym for "reality." There is nothing, to be sure, to prevent Mr. Couch so using it—except convenience, the ordinary usage of the language, the rational desire to distinguish the part from the whole. Hear Mr. Couch further. "Some women die of heart disease, and a considerably smaller number are suffocated with pillows. But the rarity of Desdemona's case does not make it any the less *real*, for the simple reason that Shakespeare constrains us to accept Desdemona's story for the very truth." Quite so; but, because Desdemona's case is real, are we to label *Othello* as a "realistic" play? Because hunchbacked dwarfs exist, are we to accept "Notre Dame de Paris" as a "realistic" novel? Because any cook, if he chooses, can put pepper into cream-tarts, are we to admit the "realism" of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments"? But to ask these questions is to wander into trackless wastes. Let us get back to our landmark, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. His play of *Saints and Sinners* is put forward as a realistic study of modern English middle-class life. He, at any rate, whatever Mr. Couch may do, tacitly takes my view of realism. He has gone into a little country town of to-day, has observed what goes on there, and professes to give us in his story the results of his observation. Among other things, he has observed that seduced maidens die of a broken heart. Thereupon, I ask him for his evidence, his documents, his statistics; for my observation of the English middle-class life of to-day has not shown me this thing. In fact, I do not believe that he has observed it; but that he would like to have observed it, because it seems to him a thing morally and artistically beautiful, and that he has in reality transcribed it from books, written by other men to whom it also seemed a thing morally and artistically beautiful. But then these other men, Richardson and the rest, did not pretend to offer "realistic studies of modern English life." They were, frankly, idealists. None of them cared a fig about "convincing his audience that the end which he chose was true"; but simply that it was beautiful. But it *is* Mr. Jones's business, as a professed "realist," to convince me of the truth of his ending. And he fails. Why? Once more, because his ending is not (in a story of modern English middle-class life) "realistic"; common experience of that life tells us that it is a hundred to one chance against it; we know that "people," as Judge Brack says, "don't *do* these things."

I have attempted to show that Mr. Couch's argument assumes the interchangeability of the terms "realism" and "reality." Mr. Couch, of course, will not admit that. He professes to interpret realism as "that which is easily recognised by the average man." Here, again, I respectfully dissent. I should say that if there is one form of art more than another which the average man cannot easily recognise it is realism. Is Velasquez the artist of the average man? Or Mr. Whistler? Or Bastien Lepage? Is Guy de Maupassant the novelist of the average man? Or Edmond de Goncourt? Or Huysmans? Is Henri Becque the playwright of the average man? Or Léon Hennique? Or Strindberg? No, no; the average man is an out-and-out idealist. Every chromo-lithograph in a cottage almanack proves it. Every pictorial advertisement of somebody's soap proves it. Every "penny novelette" proves it. Every Adelphi melodrama proves it. I would apply to the demand for idealism, for so-called "beauty," the very words which Mr. Couch applies to the "demand for ugliness in art and literature." It is "a cheap and vulgar demand." Cheapness for cheapness, vulgarity for vulgarity, I prefer cheap and vulgar truths to cheap and vulgar untruths or half-truths.

I spoke of "so-called beauty." For Mr. Couch has been using this word very freely—holding aloft the banner of the ideal, like the gentleman in the Scandinavian play—and I do not know what he means by it. I do not think he knows himself. Who does know? If anyone, then assuredly the author of "The Mayor of Gantick" and "The Carol." But to make beautiful art is one thing, to define beauty another. In a sense—the wide Emersonian sense ("Beauty is the form under which the intellect prefers to study the world")—every work of art *must* be beautiful. To me the realism of "Boule de Suif" is as beautiful as the idealism of "Consuélo." But here I prefer to let a correspondent, a constant reader of Mr. Couch's *causeries*, conclude the discussion "Mr. Couch is suffering, I think, from beauty on the brain, 'A more tolerable disease,' he will at once retort, 'than ugliness on the brain.' Perhaps; but why yield to the obsession of a word at all? Why æstheticise in the very terms which, of all others, are the least likely to mean the same thing to any two disputants, terms which elude analysis and defy definition? Since Mr. Couch can assert that Dickens 'treated the sordid, the ignobly decent, etc. . . . worthily . . . by discovering to us the beauty that lay beneath them,' it is clear that his idea of beauty is very different from mine. Where is the underlying beauty in Quilp, in Squeers, in the 'spontaneous combustion' scene in 'Bleak House?' Did Dickens, in 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' reveal the underlying beauty of the American character, American institutions, or American nature? It seems to me that Dickens was often quite as 'ferocious' in intention as Mr. Kipling at his grisliest, but that his inveterate tic of whimsical exaggeration defeated his intent. This does not mean that Mr. Kipling is a greater man than Dickens, but only that, living after him, he has a reasonable chance of being a more accomplished artist. Horrors for horrors, I prefer mine real. Mr. Couch, of course, is quite at liberty to take his fantasticated; but do not let him appropriate the term 'beauty' for what is, in point of fact, nothing but unreality. . . . It is to be hoped—though not very confidently—that we may one day find a 'common denominator' for artistic values, that we may succeed in isolating the quality common to all works of art in which resides their artistic merit. If any such constant element exists, and if we should ever track it, we may, not impossibly, agree to call it 'beauty.' But it will be 'beauty' in a totally new sense—a sense but vaguely foreseen, and that not in their pontifical but in their sceptical moments, by the æstheticians of the past and present."

A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

THE gentle art of log-rolling, as practised by MR. THEODORE WATTS, may be defined as a crafty anticipation of criticism. We are told in the *Athenæum* that it would be difficult to imagine any character "more suitable (suited?) to bring out the peculiar and fascinating piquancy of MISS ADA REHAN'S acting than that of the heroine" of LORD TENNYSON'S play about to be produced by MR. DALY; and we are further informed that in the Laureate's forthcoming volume his Dantesque power of expressing in one or two pregnant words a phase of emotion which other poets could only express in an entire stanza is as strong as ever. Truly, the art of log-rolling, like all other arts, except perhaps the fine art which DE QUINCEY studied but did not practise, must at last be regarded as a highly respectable occasional employment.

NOTHING is further from our thoughts than a sneer at LORD TENNYSON—nor, indeed, at MR. WATTS, whose zeal in a good cause has carried him away. We respect and admire the Laureate and his work as much as MR. WATTS possibly can; but we are chagrined to find the method of Grub Street

—of Upper Grub Street, if you like—pursued in the interest of the undisputed head of English letters. What many will regard as an attempt at dictation—an effort to "tune" the press—will not, we trust, produce unnecessarily adverse, not to say perverse, judgments of LORD TENNYSON'S new poems.

HOMER nods, and so may the *Daily News*—or else the leader-writer was unfair, when he asserted on Monday last that, "out of all the vast army of SMITHS, not one has proved a poet worth mentioning; for JAMES and HORACE SMITH, LAMB'S 'odious SMITHS,' were only parodists." EDMUND SMITH, the "handsome sloven," ADDISON'S "Captain Rag," may be passed over; but ALEXANDER SMITH, the pattern-designer, who saw—

> "Lightning, like a wild bright beast,
> Leap from its thunder-lair,"

though, possibly, he would have made a poor enough fist at villanelles and rondeaux, was a poet very well worth mentioning. As for LAMB'S "odious SMITHS," there is a poem by one of them, called "The Egyptian Mummy," likely to live as long as the English language. To say that they were "only parodists" is a cheap sneer. It is also inaccurate. The "Rejected Addresses" are something more than mere parodies; they are good criticism, and that is why they will continue to be read along with MR. SWINBURNE'S "Heptalogia"—the only parodies out of the thousands that have been written which seem to have any vitality.

IN the same article the writer refers to MOSES as the only poet among the BROWNS. This is surely wilful. Is it because WILLIAM BROWNE spelt his name with an "e" that he is rejected? On second thoughts, that is impossible, because the author of the "Piscatory Eclogues" and an "Essay on the Universe" did so also. WILLIAM BROWNE, although hardly read even by students, was in every way a better poet than MOSES. His name must always be mentioned in the history of English literature for his excellence in descriptive verse, and as the writer who first freed the English pastoral from convention. MOSES is only known to a few devotees of the "solitary vice."

WHO is JOHN OLIVER HOBBES? He has written the eighth volume of MR. FISHER UNWIN'S "Pseudonym Library," and "Some Emotions and a Moral" is a novelette that ought to make some little stir. It is a modern and unconventional love-story, pessimistically up to the times, not at all orthodox, and uncommonly artistic in form. There is dialogue in it which will move every literary artist to enthusiasm, and the hero is that almost impossible creature in fiction, a rising novelist, with a capacity of passion, who feels and talks quite naturally. The whole book is impressive, fascinating, and suggestive. There is no touch of the beginner in it, but the author is said to be quite a new man. He will, we believe, contribute another volume to the "Pseudonym Library" very shortly.

WE have in recent numbers referred to the autumn publishing announcements, and we intended to make some further general comments on them, but the task is, in the meantime, beyond us. We refer the reader to the current *Publishers' Circular*. It is a very "extra-special" number, seventy-three columns, two dozen pages, and a column over, being devoted to a list of forthcoming books. Over eighty publishers are represented, each issuing, on an average, twenty-five books, making about two thousand in all. DOMINIE SAMPSON'S exclamation would have died away in his throat at the thought of it.

THE next volume in "The Story of the Nations" series (T. FISHER UNWIN) will be the "Byzantine Empire," by MR. C. W. C. OMAN. MR. FREEMAN is writing the volume on "Sicily"; and these will be followed by "Modern France," "The Tuscan Republics," "Poland," and "Japan." Of the "Pseudonym" novelettes, "Mademoiselle Ixe" is in its seventh edition, and "A Russian Priest" in its third. The ninth volume of this series will be "Our European Relations: a Tirolese Sketch," by TALMAGE DALIN. M. VILLARS, London correspondent of the *Débats*, will edit and write an introduction to "The Escapes of Latude and Casanova from Prison," a forthcoming addition to the "Adventure" series; and MRS. MOLESWORTH is engaged on "A New Fairy Story," for MR. UNWIN'S "Children's Library."

MR. POLLARD'S "Last Words on the History of the Title-Page" (J. C. NIMMO) is a handsome quarto which would be worth possessing for its frontispiece alone, an exquisite reproduction of the first page of the "Mazarin Bible." MR. POLLARD has reprinted twenty-seven facsimiles of title-pages, including those of SIDNEY'S "Arcadia," and of the Aldine edition of HORACE.

THE memoir prefixed to MESSRS. GEORGE BELL & SONS' edition of SPENSER is substantially that of the late MR. J. PAYNE COLLIER, and the text is a verbatim reprint of that, the most correct extant, published by MR. COLLIER in 1862.

To "Bohn's Standard Library" MESSRS. BELL have added a translation of VOLTAIRE'S tales, by MR. R. B. BOSWELL. It is distinguished from most translations—and, indeed, from most books of the day—by having neither preface nor introduction. MR. BOSWELL is evidently of MONTESQUIEU'S mind—that prefaces, being in their nature tedious, ought to be dispensed with, if at all possible.

THE first part of BISHOP WORDSWORTH'S autobiography, under the title of "Annals of My Early Life" (LONGMANS), comes down to 1846. The author has interspersed his chronicle with occasional compositions in Latin and English verse. True piety has seldom had such eloquent yet modest expression as in the first paragraph of the aged bishop's general introduction.

THE ninth edition of MR. BARTLETT'S "Familiar Quotations" (MACMILLAN) is increased by three hundred and fifty pages. This book is now established as an indispensable aid to ready and other writers.

MR. LANG has followed up his "Fairy Books" of the two last years with a "Blue Poetry Book" (LONGMANS), which ought to be as popular as its predecessors. The selection is the least hackneyed yet offered to children.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "It might be suggested to the University Extension Lecture people that they cannot yet afford to be careless in their work. I was at a little seaside place last week, when one of the graduates (who are described in the official prospectus as being specially selected for their powers of teaching) came down to deliver a first lecture to the town. The "season" was over, and a big audience was out of the question, but the best of the residents took tickets, and there was a fairly numerous and intelligent house. A confident,

IF housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

dull young man in a college gown took the platform, and intoned for an hour and a half some forty or fifty pages of the feeblest historical truisms on a subject of surpassing interest. He had a magic-lantern with him, and did not know his own slides. He asked his machinist the name of the best-known building in Italy. The town has since decided that it will give no encouragement to the University Extension Lectures."

A NEW trouble for literary men has, writes our Copenhagen correspondent, been recently experienced by one or two Continental writers, who are having actions brought against them by people fancying that they or their relations have been portrayed in the works of the writers in question. DR. SCHONDORPH, a well-known Danish novelist, was the first victim. Some fellow in a small provincial town where DR. SCHONDORPH had given a reading of some of his novels, recognised in an old apple-woman in one of the stories such a striking likeness to his lamented mother that he immediately threatened the author with legal proceedings, and DR. SCHONDORPH preferred to compromise matters by undertaking never again to delight that small town by reading the story which had so hurt the filial feelings of the complainant. MR. SOPHUS MICHAELIS, a young Danish writer, has not got off so easily, for his opponent, who fancies that he and family have been "taken off" in MR. MICHAELIS'S last book, has declined to settle the matter amicably, and proceedings have been instituted. This new departure may be all very well for the lawyers, for whom it opens a fresh and, one should imagine, undreamt-of field, but it is decidedly "rough" on the poor authors.

THE same correspondent writes:—"The supply of Swedish explorers seems inexhaustible, and these gentlemen do not confine their work to any one part of the globe, although the Arctic regions seem to possess the greater attraction. MR. J. A. BJÖRLING has returned from an expedition along the west coast of Greenland, on which he compassed 600 kilometres in a small rowing-boat. The position of "Devil's Thumb" was ascertained, but the large masses of ice in Melville Bay compelled MR. BJÖRLING to return, having, however, reached a large island beyond the northernmost point reached by LIEUTENANT RYDER'S expedition. Telegraphic news has been received from Archangel that MR. OTTO EKSTOM has safely returned to that place from his expedition to Matatschhin Schar, the sound which divides Novaja Semlja into two islands."

GREAT satisfaction is expressed in Sweden at the news of sufficient funds having been collected in Australia for BARON NORDENSKIÖLD'S contemplated Antarctic expedition. BARON NORDENSKIÖLD'S son, GUSTAF NORDENSKIÖLD, has evidently experienced some trouble during his explorations in Colorado, although the matter appears to have been exaggerated. His last message, sent from Durango in Colorado to his father, runs as follows: "Much trouble; some expense; no danger." MR. PER DUSEN continues his geological researches in the Cameroon district, where he has already been for about a year.

NAOMI'S HUSBANDS.

NAOMI had plucked three fowls, and trussed them, and, wrapping each in a white napkin, had packed them in her basket with a dozen and a half of eggs, a few pats of butter, and a nosegay or two of common garden-flowers—sweet-williams, marigolds, and "boy's love": for it was Saturday morning and market-day at Tregarrick. Then she put on boots and shawl, tied her bonnet, and slung a second pair of boots across her arm: for the roads were heavy, and she would leave the muddy pair with a friend who lived at the entrance of the town, because she preferred to appear tidy as she walked through the Fore Street. These arrangements made, she went to seek her husband, who was planing a coffin-lid in the workshop behind the cottage, and ruminating on to-morrow's sermon. He was a "rounder," or Methodist "local preacher," as well as sole carpenter of Gantick church-town, and on Sundays walked sometimes twenty miles, there and back, to terrify the inhabitants of outlying hamlets about their future state.

"You'll be about startin'," he said, working away at a knot, without lifting his head.

Naomi drew her breath back between her teeth, which is the Cornish mode of saying "Yes." She was a tall up-standing woman of forty, broad-browed, with deep, gentle eyes like a cow's. When, fifteen years before, her first husband sailed out of Troy in a fruit ship that never came back nor was seen again after passing the Lizard lights, she had neither wailed nor put on mourning. She simply looked upon it as a question between God and herself. The Almighty, she argued, had done her an injury: therefore she had finished with Him. So, without saying anything about it, she ceased to attend church or offer any worship. The week long she worked as a laundress, and sat through the Sundays with her arms folded. In a dim way she viewed the affair as a duel, knowing it vain to take the offensive, but aware of a certain capacity within her for passive resistance.

But, at the end of eight years, William Geake had come along and offered her a home. He was not taking to the eye—being close on fifty, serious, and extraordinarily long in the jaw. That he loved her was beyond doubt; for, though as a rule militant, and even bellicose, for religion, he never argued with Naomi, but laid his siege on the other side and plied her. And thus he prevailed and carried her off to his cottage in Gantick village, a dozen miles inland, the end being that she gave him her heart. The love of such a widow, William found, is as the surrender of a maid, with wisdom added.

Just now, he set down his plane and walked out through the house with her and down the garden-path, carrying the basket as far as the gate. The scent of the pine-shavings came with him. Half-way down the path Naomi turned aside and, picking a sprig of "boy's love," held it up for him to smell. The action was quite trivial; but they both laughed, looking in each other's eyes. Then they kissed; and the staid woman went her way down the road, while the staid man hung for a minute by the gate and watched her as she went.

Now as he took his eyes away and glanced for an instant in the other direction he was aware of a man who had just come round the angle of the garden and, standing in the middle of the road, not a dozen yards off, was also staring after his wife.

This stranger was a broad-shouldered fellow in a coarse suit of blue cloth, the trousers of which were tucked inside a pair of Wellington boots. He wore rings in his ears, and his sanguine complexion was tanned to a foreign tint. But the features were English and the expression honest enough, though, at the moment, full of perplexity.

The two men regarded each other for a second or two, and then the stranger drew nearer.

"I do b'lieve that was Na'my," he said, nodding his head after the woman's figure, that had not yet passed out of sight.

William Geake opened his eyes wide and answered curtly, "Yes: that's Naomi Geake—my wife. What then?"

The man scratched his head, contemplating William as he might an illegible sign-post set up beside an unusually bothersome cross-road.

"Why—I don't rightly know. 'Tes vexin, terrible vexin'. She keeps very han'some, I will say," he wound up heartily, with a quick ingratiating smile.

"Was you wishin' to speak wi' her?"

"Well—then again—I was an' yet I warn't. I'd be main loth t' upset her at all. You don't know me, I dessay, not havin' seen me afore: besides which, I be altered a brave bit."

"No, I don't."

"I be called Robert Petherick—him that used to be Na'my's husband, one time. There now, I felt sure 'twould put you out——"

The tongue grew dry in William Geake's mouth, and the sunlight died off the road before him. He stared at a blister in the green paint of the garden gate and slowly peeled it away with his thumb-nail: then, pulling out his handkerchief, picked away the paint that had lodged under the nail, very carefully, while he fought for speech.

"Come into th' house," he managed to say; and, turning, walked towards the door. On his way, he caught himself wondering why the hum of bees had never sounded so loudly in the garden before. His wits refused, for the while, to face the big trouble, to think of Naomi; but played truant in a dozen frivolous speculations—the shape of the pebbles along the path, the poise of a "red-admiral" butterfly on the privet-hedge, the coffin in his workshop, whether Jim Lewarne's family would be able to pay for it when it was finished, the inflammation of the lungs that had taken Jim off, and the short time it took. On the doorstep, however, he turned again.

"Th' Lord's ways be past findin' out," he said, passing a hand over his forehead.

"That's it: that's what I say to mysel'," the other argued, almost cheerfully, as if glad to find minds jumping together.

"Man!"—William Geake turned on him fiercely—"What's kept 'ee, all these years? Oh, my dear God!—do 'ee know what you've done?"

"I was picked up 'pon a cask," said the wanderer, "more'n thirty-six hours after the *Druid* foundered. In Campeachy Bay it happened; an' the vessel that found me had been down i' those parts after logwood. She was bound for New Orleens, an' as I'd a broken head when they took me up, I was set ashore there to heal. New Orleens may be bettered since them days. I'd a pound or two inside my shirt; for Na'my warn't the wife to send a man off destitoot. I daresay you've found that. 'Nobody knows,' she said, 'what'll happen afore you reach port and pick up your money.' So I went off to a boardin'-house—Shakers's war its name, an' hot its natur'.

"My very first evenin' there, in comes a Baltimore chap, middlin' drunk, wi' a girl 'pon his arm. They was drinkin' away, together, pretty peaceful at th' far end o' the room, when all of a sudden the chap gets up an' begins to cuss and knock the girl about and treat her shameful. There was plenty o' squalling an' I, like a fool, got up an' interfered. It ended in the fellow's pullin' out his knife, an' my bangin' his head 'pon the counter, which turned out to be stone. When I dropped en, he was dead. I've spent fourteen year' inside a prison for that five minutes' work."

He paused a minute and went on—

"I reckoned, all the way home, that Na'my 'd be main glad to see me agen. But now I s'pose she won't."

"It will come nigh to killin' her."

"I daresay, now, you two have got to be very fond? She used to be a partic'lar lovin' sort o' woman."

"I love her more 'n heaven!" broke out William, and then cowered, as if he half-expected to be struck with lightning for the words.

"I heard 'bout her havin' married, down at the 'Fifteen Balls,' at Troy. I dropped in there, first when I landed, to pick up the news——"

"What! You've been tellin' folks who you be!"

"Not a word. First of all I was minded to play off a little surprise 'pon old Toms, the landlord, who didn't know me from Adam: but when I heard about this, I thought maybe that 'twould annoy Na'my. She used to be so very strict in some of her notions. . . ."

William took two hasty turns up and down the little parlour. His Bible, in which, before breakfast, he had been searching for a text, lay open on the side-table. He closed it hastily and rammed it back, upside-down, into the book-case. Then he stepped up to his visitor and laid a hand on his arm.

"How much," he asked quickly, "how much will you take to go straight out of this house and back to America?"

When Naomi came back from market, she found William still standing at the gate, as if he had been there ever since: and, indeed, he might have been, for all the work done to the coffin-lid.

"I must bide up to-night an' finish that job," he said, kissing her with even more fervour than usual, when she asked how in the world he had been spending his time. "I've been worryin' mysel' all day."

"It's those sermons agen," decided Naomi. "They do your head no good, an' I wish you'd give up preachin'."

"That's just what I'm goin' to do," he answered.

Q.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE WAR ROUTE TO INDIA.

SIR,—In confirmation of the view expressed by a distinguished British naval officer that your argument against the Suez Canal route to India in time of war is entirely sound, the following incident is a striking illustration of the ease with which the Suez Canal could be blocked.

On the 10th of June, 1885, a collision took place in the canal whereby a dredger belonging to the Suez Canal Company was sunk and the waterway blocked. All the resources of the Canal Company were concentrated in the effort to effect a speedy removal of the block, with the result that by June 21st they succeeded in cutting a temporary channel round the obstruction, and after a complete block of eleven days traffic was resumed.

Considerable time longer elapsed before the sunken dredger was entirely removed and the traffic restored to the old channel.

From this it is clear that if a large vessel were sunk at a part of the canal where a temporary channel could not be made, an event that might easily, if required, be brought about, the delay would be such as might almost last out a campaign.

It must, of course, be remembered that unlimited use of dynamite to remove obstruction could not be resorted to without danger to the canal itself.

Comparing the difference in distance between the Suez Canal route to India and the route by Cape of Good Hope, the latter is 3,500 miles longer to Calcutta and 4,260 miles longer to Bombay.

Translating this difference of distance into time, and deducting one day from the Cape route as a set-off to the time occupied by a steamer in passing through the Suez Canal, it means six and a-quarter days longer to Calcutta and eight days longer to Bombay.

Were the Cape route frankly adopted beforehand as the true strategical one to India, transports could be built to steam twenty knots, with ample coal endurance and carrying capacity. The difference in time above-stated is based on this assumption.

It is important to note how completely modern developments in naval construction and mechanical science have altered the problem of our steam communication with India as it existed at the time of the Crimean War and for many years after. The possession of Constantinople by Russia then would have been a menace to our communication which it would not be now.

At that period it was not a question of difference in days between the two routes. There was really no alternative steam route at all. It would then have been practically impossible to transport by steam an army, with its equipments and stores, *viâ* the Cape.

While Russian possession of Constantinople would no longer imperil our steam communication with India, it must be remembered that the present-day comparison to Russia between the two routes is very different to what it is to us, and that for *her*, with Constantinople as her base, to obtain successful use of the Suez Canal would be a very short cut indeed to the Indian seas.

The possession by Russia of Constantinople would undoubtedly be a first step to this short cut, assuming for the moment that it was her interest to attack India; but with the immense

difficulties she would have to overcome before she got the chance of using the canal—which I have tried to show is a very poor chance when obtained—and the fact that even then there would remain a tussle for supremacy in the Red Sea, nothing appears more improbable than that she should ever look to the route through Egypt as practicable for herself.

May we not therefore well save the men, money, and misery that a present war about Constantinople would cost us, and spend some of the money in perfecting our alternative route and otherwise providing against contingencies?—I am, sir, your obedient servant. H. KENNETH.

Lloyd's, London, E.C., 6th October, 1891.

"THE TRUE FUNCTION OF WOMAN."

SIR,—"Masculine flippancy" is not precisely the phrase I should use in describing your editorial reply to "A Radical Woman;" but if it pleases you to imagine yourself "flippant," I will not quibble about terms. If you were "flippant," you might be amusing!

However, you do rely on the funny old argument that only those who can fight must vote. I don't object to it much—or, rather, I should not if it were acted on consistently. Disfranchise all the men over forty (you wouldn't enlist a man over forty), all the short men, all the blind men, all the short-sighted, the narrow-chested, the one-armed, the one-legged, the broken-winded, and, above all, disfranchise the cowards, and I won't grumble; but so long as you apply that argument to women and not to men, don't expect us to accept its validity. The fact is, it fits neither the one nor the other.

The real argument leaks out in your second article. Let a man talk long enough about the suffrage bogey, and this is what it always comes to. "Moreover," you say, "it is possible that her husband, without any brutal assertion of authority, may hold that divergent political opinions are an undesirable basis for family-life." Ay, there's the rub! The man, straddling on the hearth-rug, finds it "undesirable" that, when he airs his ignorance about Ireland, India, the drink traffic, and so forth, there should be any modest bleat of question or denial from the shivering creatures outside the radius of the fire.

Oddly enough, you give women leave to deal with trade organisations and the labour questions that grow out of them. (Can it be that you would like to see them ruined by women's emotionalism?) Well, sir, I am not altogether indisposed to take you on your own ground. The training we shall get in that field will equip us amply for further service in politics, and will teach us how to use weapons more effective than all the Nordenfeldts and torpedoes in the world—boycotting and exclusive dealing.—Yours faithfully,

October 5th, 1891. ANOTHER RADICAL WOMAN.

SIR,—We are told by one of your correspondents on the question of woman's sphere, that we keep a dignified silence in the controversy. We speak eloquently with 1,000,000 tongues. Time is evolving in a perfectly unmistakable manner the lines on which, and the mode in which, the sphere of woman shall be enlarged. In the face of 1,000,000 more of one sex than of another it is an absurdity to generalise on the narrow lines of personal knowledge about the equality of the sexes. It is perfectly true that man up to his average is a creature with more strength, intellectually and bodily, than woman at her average. But we have an enormous amount of man below his average and woman above hers. Is the woman above the average to be thrown out of the account by her sex, when, obviously, under existing laws of Europe, her acknowledged sphere as wife and mother is an impossibility? For that is now the question. The imbecile drunkard has the vote, but the woman has it withheld because of sex simply; although, being 1,000,000 in excess of man, the intellectual force to be counted with can be no contemptible matter—nor will it be found so. As for emotional action, it is doubtful in the extreme if the scale would weigh either way for sex.

In reading the correspondence woman will feel inclined to cry, "Save me from my friends!"—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

FLORENCE GROVE.

Mount View, Guildford, October 2nd, 1891.

SIR,—Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mrs. Lynn Linton, even Mr. Philip Burne-Jones, roused from the pursuance of his gentle art to pen a philippic! Woman equal or not equal to man! Equality is a non-existent quantity in the world; only the special Thibet breed of Mahatmas, so undoubtedly the equals of their English collaborateurs, Messrs. Maskelyne & Cooke, seem to have attained to it.

Men are not equal; women most unequal (especially in their temper); some women in some ways on a higher plane than men; some men—more men—on a higher plane than women.

But apart from the babyish questions of opening a door, or taking a back seat in a cab—an old-fashioned recognition of the difference of physical strength—and the only privileges which, apparently, modern man, with much grudging, would concede to woman—there are other things in which I believe that even Mr. Burne-Jones would approve of the equality of the sexes.

Not physical equality, for that would be a monstrosity—although many Englishmen seem fast dwindling into effeminate dwarfs, and many of the women expanding into sexless grenadiers—nor, perhaps, even intellectual equality—for the nature and force of a woman's mental power differs essentially from man's—but social and legal equality.

To abolish, for instance, the word *seduction*, that cant phrase so dear to the social purity camp, and so incompatible with a real equality of the sexes; to abolish damages for breach of promise of marriage, an insult to the dignity of the whole sex, and conversely to place women on an equality with men in breaches of the so-called moral law; not to regard as a venial fault in a man that which condemns a woman for life, for the sole reason that the result of the action manifests itself in one sex and not in the other; not to place it in the power of some six-and-eightpenny Old Bailey brow-beater to prejudice the jury in the trial of some unlucky woman, say for petty theft, by raking up incidents in her past life which would have been venial in her brother's, and thus virtually trying her for theft, to sentence her on adultery; to make no difference in the treatment of male and female prisoners; to force a woman, if not mad or mentally incapable, to bear the full consequences of her acts and to be responsible for her debts; to exact from her in return the same measure of civility which she receives from men; this, with full social and political rights, is the equality of the sexes I advocate, and have always advocated.

It is a fact that no woman properly balanced overlooks the attractions of sex, beauty, personal adornment. Political women, literary women amongst the Anglo-Saxons (for in other countries it is not so), too often neglect these considerations—so essential a part of what the Spaniard knows as *la muger discreta*—(the discreet woman) and would seem to wish to force an entry into the enemy's camp by a mere recourse to tweeds, cheviots, and ill-made boots.

Mr. Burne-Jones talks in horror of the over-educated man-woman. To be over-educated would seem to be as difficult as to be over-beautiful or over-clever. Be that as it may, is the hypothetical over-educated man-woman after all a more repulsive creature than the under-educated epicene man with which London fairly swarms? The follies of both sexes—at least, in this respect—would seem to indicate a most perfect equality. I have always been struck, especially at women's political meetings, with the extraordinary equality of the sexes as to intellect. A woman's political meeting, with its jealousies, its rivalries, its petty animosities and cliques, its fear of touching a real woman's question with the tip of its little finger, has always seemed to me to present the strongest argument for the equality of the sexes as to intellect. Not even in the House of Commons will you see more concentrated dulness and essence of dreariness, verbosity, and muddle-headedness. Yet in both places there are some earnest, honest, foolish, well-meaning men-women and women-men.

In the matter of suckling fools man will, naturally, never be our equal; but in chronicling small-beer, I think I may claim at least an equality with Mr. Burne-Jones.—Yours truly,

(MRS.) GABRIELLE CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

THE NATIONALISATION OF THE CHURCHES.

SIR,—I am a faithful Liberal, though I am a beneficed clergyman, and I hope, therefore, that you will allow me to offer some remarks on the paragraph concerning Disestablishment, in THE SPEAKER of October 3rd. You are in favour, you say, of the suggestion that churches built since 1818 should be left to the new Episcopal body resulting from Disestablishment, all the rest being regarded as national property. But, sir, such a plan of Disestablishment will surely drive out from the Liberal party every Churchman left in it. For though there are many Churchmen who have learnt to look on Disestablishment without much apprehension, I believe that all of them have hitherto believed that, whatever went, at least our churches would be left to us.

And I think there is good reason for that belief. I pass over arguments which, strongly as they appeal to me, would have little weight with you. But I offer you one which I think you will admit to be of importance. I was lately rector of a little parish in East Anglia. In the few years I lived there I got together £150 or more, and spent it on the parish church. Twenty-four years earlier £300 had been spent besides. I have come now to another parish, where I find that the people have just laid out £200 on their church; and large sums were also spent on it thirty or forty years ago. And, go where you will, you will hardly find an ancient church which has not been restored or decorated at much expense since the beginning of the century; while if you go back to the Reformation settlement, it is probable that in one way or another more than the prime cost of many a church has since been spent upon it.

Is all this to be taken from us?—all these churches which we have worked hard to keep in good repair—have sometimes pinched ourselves to beautify—to be snatched away? Can you expect men to put up with it? I remember speaking some years

ago to an Oxford Don on this subject. He is a Liberal, and not unknown as a writer. He answered quietly, "That would mean civil war:—and I would fight"—though he is by no means a great Churchman. It was only talk, no doubt. But there is something of that feeling in many minds—enough to cause another large secession from the Liberal ranks if this is to be the Liberal programme. Every politician must put up with something to keep in line with his party, and every honest politician knows that there is a point beyond which he cannot yield; and then compromise comes in, and so men hold together. But under any scheme of disestablishment Churchmen will have much to put up with. Is it not fair that other members of the Liberal party should surrender something of their wishes in their turn? If, in this case, they will not do so, then, when their intentions are fairly understood, there will be no Churchman left among the Liberals.—I enclose my card, and I am, yours faithfully,

October 6th, 1891. A Liberal Rector.

Sir,—In your brief article on Disestablishment in last week's Speaker you say: "As to the churches and cathedrals, we are inclined to favour a very sensible suggestion by Mr. H. W. Crosskey in the *Fortnightly Review* of June, 1877, that churches built previous to the Church Buildings Act of 1818 should be regarded as 'ancient parish churches, and be retained as national property, and that the voluntary modern churches should be left to the new Episcopalian body which would be formed as the result of the Act of Disestablishment.'" Dr. Crosskey's suggestion will be found with reasons to justify it in a pamphlet containing "Suggestions for Disendowment," issued under the sanction of the Liberation Society. But I venture to suggest that the line between the ancient and modern State church-buildings might be drawn at 1689, the year of the passing of the Toleration Act, before which Dissenters could not put property in trust for religious purposes, and since which, it may be reasonably presumed, church-people have put property in trust for Episcopalian purposes. Equity rather than law should dictate the disposition of such buildings.—I am, sir, respectfully yours. James McDougall.

Higher Broughton, Manchester, October 6th, 1891.

Sir,—Was it in "Sandford and Merton" that we used to read the tale of Cyrus—how, when a boy, he found two smaller boys wearing coats unfitted to them, the smaller boy having the larger coat, the larger boy the smaller; how he compelled them to exchange; and how, on his return home, his uncle, or some other meddling relation, pointed out that what he had done, though prompted by a true feeling for symmetry, was inconsistent with justice? I was reminded of this story in reading Mr. Massingham's letter in The Speaker of the 3rd inst. It may be very unfitting from the point of view of abstract symmetry that a body like the Church of England, dwindling in numbers and intellect, should possess those buildings, which in the present day would so much better fit growing and thriving institutions like, let us say, University Extension Lectures. But unluckily they belong to the Church—by which I mean that they were built by certain people with their own money for a certain purpose, which purpose is fulfilled by the ministers of the sect known as the Church of England, not by any other sect, nor by University Extension Lecturers. In what sense does Mr. Massingham ask the question, "What is the nation going to do with *its* cathedrals?" It seems to me as reasonable to say, What is the nation going to do with *its* Lyceum Theatre, or *its* St. James's Hall, or *its* Mansfield College? In one sense, of course, "the nation" can do what it likes with any of them; but surely it is unfair to make any distinction of status between them. It is with buildings of the kind I have named, and not with buildings, like the Foreign Office, which were built with "the nation's" money, paid in taxes, that the comparison ought to be made. At all events, if Mr. Massingham is going to beg half the question by talking of what the nation is to do with *its* cathedrals, he ought to show very clearly which *its* cathedrals are, and when it acquired them. Is Truro Cathedral one of *its* cathedrals? If not, when did Lincoln, which certainly was not *its* cathedral, say in 1100, become so?—Yours faithfully, A. J. Butler.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

The Speaker Office,
Friday, October 9th, 1891.

It is pleasant, at this time of day, when people run about and talk of Reality as if it were something absolute, to find that Messrs. Osgood & McIlvaine have considered it worth their while to publish a new translation of "Monte Cristo." And one's pleasure takes a touch of malice from the reflection that these are the very gentlemen through whom the British public gets its *Harper's Magazine* and the monthly purification of taste which Mr. W. D. Howells administers therein. Mr. Howells has warned us that "Monte Cristo" is just "Puss and Boots" with variations; that, to read and delight in it, we must be belated worshippers of fiction in its Stone Age,—must, indeed, become as little children, in the worst sense of the words. Now to those who do not think with Mr. Howells, it is not a little amusing that Messrs. Osgood & McIlvaine, who gave us his essay on Criticism and Fiction, a short while ago, should have followed it up with this translation of Dumas's great work.

Many men of ripe years have found a particular gratification—though, as a rule, it has been dashed with melancholy—in revisiting their old school and discovering that the master who used to swish them appears quite insignificant to the maturer judgment. I myself bear no rancour towards my former head-master, and if we were shut up in a room together would willingly take no advantage of him; but I confess a sneaking joy in the thought that, if we differed, the swishing would not be all on one side. For like reasons I would like to believe the Public School Latin Grammar beneath a grown man's contempt. But at "Monte Cristo" the line should be drawn. To begin with, my parents paid for the Latin Grammar, while "Monte Cristo" was purchased with my own pocket-money. Nor was this all: for having read it from end to end, I heard of a sequel and practised miserable economy for its sake. It came at length. It was called "La Main du Défunt," and ran to Heaven knows how many volumes. But Dumas never wrote it; or rather, in deference to the legion who claim to have written his books for him, let me say the Dumas never signed his name to it. Consequently it was unreadable. As schoolboys read a book on its merits, and care less than a straw for its author's name, this may be taken as an honest opinion.

But come, let us, who are jealous for "Monte Cristo," reason with Mr. Howells for a while. The life of Dumas himself—let it not be forgotten—was extravagant enough. But, mighty worker, spender, eater, as he was, let us grant that he could never have met, or been acquainted with, a man who treated millions of money as dirt and, generally speaking, behaved as gorgeously as the hero of this story. No such creature ever trod this planet: and therefore, according to our critic, Dumas sinned against the truth.

Well, but, after all, John Milton had not entered Paradise at the time when he wrote his great epic, and had not even a bowing acquaintance with Satan or the Titan angels, Gabriel, Abdiel. Æschylus can hardly have run against Prometheus; nor—to slide down the rainbow of poetry—had Tennyson any handier model for King Arthur than the Prince Consort. Obviously, if we apply Mr. Howells's principles to that part of fiction which is written in lines of equal length, we must let all the poets go by the board, or retain only Crabbe and a portion of Wordsworth—his wooden leg, perhaps, if I may borrow from Mr. Buchanan's description of Ibsen.

Our critics will say that they speak only of such fiction as is cast into prose. But I ask seriously is this difference of metre—for prose has its metres too—so essential as they pretend? Is there such a gulf fixed between the iambic line and the prose sentence that while a man who uses the one may treat of gorgons, hydras and chimæras to his heart's content, a man who uses the other may not travel much further than the ordinary omnibus will take him? Is there no more valid reason why, while viewing Homer, Dante, Goethe as good in themselves and writers to be thankful for, we must consider

Scott and Dumas merely as painful preliminaries to their grandchildren?

In truth, that is what Mr. Howells implies by such a term as "the Stone Age of Fiction." He implies that, in some mysterious way, the art of writing fiction is advancing and advancing and advancing: that we have left Scott and Dumas behind and should be seeking for something more intelligent. One would have thought that a cursory glance at the sister arts might have made him pause: that, for instance, a computation (briefly made) of the miles by which our painters have outstripped Titian or Velasquez might have hindered rash speech. But no: he will have it that fiction is advancing.

There are, I admit, certain early stages through which every art must pass, and in its youth it advances, just as a child grows. Music, I am given to understand, is yet in this period of growth. But, as with a man, so with every art, there comes a time when it ceases to grow. This truth, I suppose, is obvious enough, and I merely state it because I wish to point out its corollary, which is this—that if at a certain point in the history of an art, we look back and find that two or three generations ago it could express all that it can express to-day, we may reasonably conclude that it has ceased growing. If anyone says that Dumas was a poor but indispensable preliminary to his grandchildren, we have only to look at his grandchildren and judge if they are greater than Dumas. Now, are they?

The art being grown, the rest is just a question of a man's strength, and of nothing else that I can see. It makes no difference how near the man goes to reality for his material so long as he has the power to convince us that his product is real. Two men saw the possibilities that lay in the story of a doting father with ungrateful daughters. One wrote a play, the other a novel, on that theme. One went back to ancient Britain for his material: he knew very little about ancient Britain, and cared less, except in so far as it served his ends. The other went to a sordid Parisian boarding-house and studied all its details. Both were men of triumphant genius, and both (as I contend) had a full-grown art to work in. Now will it be held that Shakespeare, with all his great contempt for inessential accuracy, has failed to convince us in *King Lear*, while Balzac carries conviction, because of his careful detail, in *Le Père Goriot?* I submit that each convinces, and does so by the power that is in him.

Mr. Henry James is an artist of delicate and particular skill: and Mr. Howells praises him for his "modernity." But, after all, "modernity" has the knack of varying as years go on, and to be modern in the year 1891 is not necessarily better than to have been modern in the year 1821. I have by far too high an opinion of Mr. James's genius to believe that had he flourished in the days of Jane Austen he would have been a worse writer. Mr. Howells seems to think so, however. At least, it seems to be the conclusion of his syllogism.

To return to "Monte Cristo." It was conceived at a considerable distance from real life, and it was carried on at the same distance. I hardly see what more an artist can do. For every novelist must start at a certain distance from life, or we become at once all bellows and fire-shovel and knocks at the front door. If the reader doesn't like the distance Dumas takes him, he has only to say so, and nobody will be annoyed. But he might at least be careful to discover the real cause of his dislike before he begins to accuse the poor author of writing in a Stone Age.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

A NEW LIFE OF CHRIST.

Jesus Christ. By the Rev. Father Didon, of the Order of St. Dominic. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1891.

LIVES of Christ may be of two kinds, either homiletical and edifying, or historical and critical; and either may be excellent in its own order. But it is a misfortune when a Life professes to be of the second kind and is not even of the first. Much was said beforehand of what Père Didon's book was to be, and no doubt he has spent upon it years of reverent and loving labour. We were prepared to receive it as a work so written ought to be received, gratefully and tenderly, especially as its theme is of all historical themes the most sacred and the most momentous in itself and in its issues. But the more sacred a subject the more easily is it profaned, and nothing profanes it so much as inadequate treatment, for the inadequate is always the thoughtless. Here we meet the gravest of all questions in the field of history; they have been discussed during the last half-century with unexampled thoroughness, though not always with becoming reverence; and the men most deeply interested are those who most anxiously look for a work where reverence has acted as a motive to greater thoroughness. Here we may find reverence, but thoroughness we look for in vain, or even for any sign of the gravity of the subject and its issues being understood; and, though we do not like to say it, yet say it we must, we feel it hard to believe in a reverence that can be content with a trifling discussion of the gravest of all themes. This sense of its utter inadequacy where it ought to have been most careful and searching has greatly spoiled our enjoyment of this book.

Every Life of Jesus Christ must rest upon a criticism of its sources. This criticism has been, in a sense, the special work of theological scholarship for the past half-century, and its results have been growing ever more certain, and, we may add, ever more conservative and serviceable to the constructive interpretation of history. Hence the history cannot be so written as to have any real meaning and relevance to the age without the criticism. The author may not explain his critical principles, or exhibit his critical process, but he must have both; he cannot use his authorities unless he has some idea of their order, dates, trustworthiness, historicity. If he does attempt a criticism of his sources, then he is bound to make it as convincing as possible, as scientific and sure at all points as it can be made by him. Now, Père Didon here gives us a critical introduction to his history, and the best that can be said of it is, he appears here as a scholar out of date, as it were belated and strayed from a departed century. He has great respect for tradition, but small respect for history; indeed, his desire to maintain and confirm tradition never allows his historical sense to get into play. One is confounded by his method of using his authorities. He has no notion of sifting them, cross-examining them, using one to correct or supplement another. Inconsistencies or contradictions do not trouble him; he does not seem to feel their existence. A late authority is to him as good as an early one, and a patristic interpretation of a source as good as the source interpreted. And so we are treated to some extraordinary conclusions. He accepts the canonical as the real order of the Gospels, and ignores all the older discussions as to the priority of Matthew, and all the later, so full of careful labour and constructive results, as to the priority of Mark. He affirms that the original Matthew was in Aramaic; but while saying that the Greek follows the original very closely, he does not trouble himself with any one of the many questions that thence arise. His judgments are often most remarkable. Thus: "The universal tradition of the Church places the composition

of the first Gospel between the years 33 and 40 of the Christian era," and he gives in evidence two references, one to Eusebius and one to Irenæus. The first has nothing to do with the matter—to prove this would be to write a curious chapter in the history of borrowed references to corrupt texts—and its only note of time directly contradicts that of the second reference. If the Gospel was written, as Irenæus says, when Peter and Paul were in Rome, it must have been written between, not 33 and 40, but 64 and 68. Authorities that prove inconsistent positions are bad representatives of a "universal tradition." He implies that Mark originated soon after "the year 42," towards which year its author had accompanied Peter to Rome. But as Irenæus places its composition after *τὴν ἔξοδον* of Peter and Paul we do not see how he possibly can get his date. He proceeds: "The Apostle approved of the work which, invested with his authority, was read thenceforward by all the Church, as St. Clement declares. The ancient world is unanimous about these facts." The author's ideas of unanimity are peculiar. In the above sentence there are, on the authority of Clement, three statements—Peter approved the work, it was invested with his authority, and as such was read by all the Church. But it is curious that while Eusebius says (Hist. Eccles. ii. 15) that Peter approved the work and gave it the sanction of his authority, this is against the testimony of Clement even as given by Eusebius himself. (vi. 14.) What Clement says is that Peter expressly neither hindered nor encouraged (*προτρεπτικῶς μήτε κωλῦσαι μήτε προτρέψασθαι*). And, again, another favourite authority of our author differs both from Clement and Eusebius' interpretation of him. Irenæus, as we have seen (iii. 1), makes Mark write his Gospel after the departure of Peter and Paul, and so without the knowledge or approval of either. Again, in harmony with an antiquated interpretation of 2 Corinthians viii. 18, which has a few patristic names in its favour, Paul is said to praise Luke's Gospel, and we are a little later told that we cannot place it later than 64. But one would think if it were recognised and praised in 2 Corinthians, its date would be definite enough—not later than 58. He ventures on a number of what one can only call the most random judgments, as that Luke had "probably seen the Gospels of Matthew and Mark," and "evidently supplemented them by his accounts of the birth of John and the infancy of Jesus." But these are matters of critical investigation, and not capable of being settled by a mere series of *obiter dicta*. His whole tendency is to push dates forward to an impossibly early point, which is, perhaps, quite the most successful way of putting constructive criticism and historical veracity out of court. And a worse service to the truth, alike of the Gospels and their history, could not be rendered.

It would be tiresome to follow Father Didon over the ground he has so incautiously traversed, and with such inconclusive results. Anyone accustomed to the method and scrupulous care of the great scholars that have worked at this greatest of all historical subjects can only regret that a writer who means so well should so ill serve his cause. In the book there are many eloquent passages; now and then there is a bit of genuine insight; everywhere there are traces of a devout spirit; but the whole book is manifestly the creation of one who is in critical power, constructive imagination, and historical knowledge, or the way to handle it, not equal to the work he had undertaken. Our illustrations of the truth of this judgment have been taken from the introduction, which could easily be made to supply many more, as could also the appendices, where, as in his notes on "Marriage among the Jews at the Time of Jesus," "The Two Genealogies," "The Woman taken in Adultery," and Psalm cx., we have marvels of ineptitude. With his treatment of the sacred history itself we would rather not interfere; it is matter that hardly becomes our pages. Enough to say we still wait an interpretation of Christ as he appears in history. He who supplies it will make all Churches his debtor.

A STUDY OF MACHIAVELLI.

Il Principe. By Niccolo Machiavelli. Edited by L. Arthur Burd, with an introduction by Lord Acton. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1891.

Few books in the world have so much exercised and perplexed the thoughts of men as Machiavelli's short treatise of "The Prince." Since it first left its author's hand until to-day it has drawn all men's attention with the fascination felt for an enigma, of which one would fain find the solution while almost despairing of doing so. The literature which in the course of three centuries and a half has grown up round "The Prince" would of itself form a library, but, as it is natural, it would be a library containing very few books giving a rational judgment on a work which has been so variously considered. The fact is that, almost without exception, until this century it has been interpreted by each critic to mean what he has wanted to find in it, rather than what it really expresses. This is, no doubt, the reason why a writer of so clear and acute an intellect as Machiavelli has come down to us wrapped in a sort of mystery, and the hero of a phantastic and distorting legend.

It is chiefly in our age that a truer view within juster limits has been taken regarding Machiavelli. Italy, France, and Germany have all contributed largely to this result, which is due almost entirely to the modern tendency of regarding things historically rather than ethically, and to the consequent development of historical research. Hitherto England had remained behind other nations in these rival studies of Machiavelli, but, as Lord Acton well remarks, "Mr. Burd has undertaken to redeem our long inferiority in Machiavellian studies, and it will be found that he has given a more completely satisfactory explanation of 'The Prince' than any country possessed before." And, indeed, Mr. Burd's work is extremely well conceived, and cannot but prove of the greatest assistance to anyone intending to study Machiavelli in his time and writings. His commentated edition of "The Prince" serves not only to interpret the treatise in question, but illustrates the whole of Machiavelli's mode of thought, as it is reflected in his life and letters, and in the study of his times. The numerous foot-notes which accompany the text are intended principally to clear up Machiavelli's political and ethical views, to give a precise idea of the historical events which were the centre of his actions and his theories, and finally to determine which were the principal authorities among ancient writers to whom he owed his inspiration.

Machiavelli's mind instinctively turned to history, and his political theories are always based on the contemplation of events, whether contemporary or of former times. As Pasquale Mancini truly observed in a short essay published about forty years ago on Machiavelli, this latter, in anticipation of Montesquieu, was the first among modern thinkers to apply the historical method to political studies, and he did this with wonderful learning and sagacity. Consequently Mr. Burd has been right in thinking that "'The Prince' by itself does not supply the necessary materials for a fair estimate of Machiavelli's morality and politics," and that "to be correctly estimated, 'The Prince' requires to be compared at nearly every point with the longer treatises, such as the 'Discorsi' and the 'Arte della Guerra,' which, though not so incisive, are more complete, and therefore, as a rule, more instructive."

Basing his labours therefore principally on Machiavelli's other works, Mr. Burd has succeeded in making a comparative study of the whole in relation to "The Prince," which is perhaps the widest and most complete ever made hitherto. Thus Machiavelli becomes his own principal interpreter, but not his only one; other contemporary writers

are often quoted in illustration of his thought, and to show how certain of his opinions were shared by others in Italy. Those writers also, especially among the ancients, who exercised most influence over Machiavelli, are studied with great care. Very detailed historical notes are added to explain the frequent allusions to contemporary events which we meet with in "The Prince." Moreover, the historical comprehension of the book is provided for by a long and minute Historical Abstract, in which the whole history of Machiavelli's life and times is chronologically summarised. To this abstract Mr. Burd has prefixed an introduction, in which, after giving some bibliographical information, he discusses the purpose of "The Prince," and the early criticisms upon it before the appearance of Christ's book in 1731. As to the purpose, Mr. Burd, after having discarded all the fanciful theories, which have been disposed of by modern writers, gives a summary of it in few but clear words: "The whole of Machiavelli's works hang together, and the purpose of 'The Prince' is also in a large measure the purpose of all he ever wrote, just as 'The Prince' itself is the embodiment of the ideal of his life—an ideal in the realisation of which he placed his hopes of Italy ever recovering her position among the European States, and of gathering up the scattered limbs of a great nation to form a new and glorious whole. And if, by some impossible combination of circumstances, he could have seen his ideal realised, he would surely have felt that there was no beauty to which he could compare it." The other part of the introduction, dealing with the early criticism of "The Prince" up to the work of Johann Friedrich Christ, is also extremely interesting to read, though the subject may be considered as already exhaustively treated by Tommasini in an introductory chapter to his admirable work on Machiavelli.

Lord Acton has also contributed an introduction to Mr. Burd's work, and deals rapidly in it with the different judgments passed on "The Prince." It is, of course, full of learning, and contains a quantity of useful and recondite information. In fact, if any fault can be found with Lord Acton, it is that in this case, as in many others, he forgets too easily that he is one of the most cultivated men in Europe, and it is not everybody who can follow him at his swift pace in his rambles through all sorts of writers and books.

THE CAMBRIDGE SHAKESPEARE.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Edited by William Aldis Wright. In nine vols. Vols. II. and III. London. 1891.

WE notice that our remarks, and those also of other critics, about the "Bibliographical Note" appended to the first volume of this valuable work has received the attention of publishers and editor. The latter signs the note in the second volume:—

"As some misapprehension has arisen in consequence of the bibliographical note on the back of the title to vol. i., it may be as well to make the following statement: The Cambridge Shakespeare was first published in nine volumes, which appeared at intervals from 1863 to 1866. Volumes i., ii., iii., were issued in 1863, volumes iv. and v. in 1864, volumes vi. and vii. in 1865, and volumes viii. and ix. in 1866. On the completion of the work the publishers found it necessary to reprint volume i. in order to make up sets, and accordingly a limited number was struck off in 1867. This volume was merely reprinted, and did not pass through the editor's hands."

No "misapprehension" at all, gentlemen. This is precisely what we suspected and said. The extra copies were in no sense a new edition, and should not have appeared as such. Nor were the copies a limited number in the usual sense of the word—that is, a definite number, not to be exceeded, whatever the demand. In this case the number was made to suit the demand.

The matter is of small importance, nor are bibliographical notes expected about numbers of editions when they are mechanical, and not in any fair sense "limited." But if they exist, it is well they should be correct; and it is hard that Mr. Aldis Wright's labours should be expected to extend to details of the publishing trade. There might be some interest in the matter if publishers would tell us what number of books is included in an Edition.

The second volume is as excellent as its predecessor, and it is no paradox to say that the very few alterations made by Mr. Wright are a guarantee of the thoroughness of his labour. It had been easy to write and alter much, it is difficult and a task full of self-denial to make only those changes which are necessary and in no degree superfluous.

Mr. Aldis Wright knows well that, when once ascertained, every word of Shakespeare is sacred, as a note to *Love's Labour's Lost* indicates. In Act iii. Sc. 1, Biron calls Rosaline

> "A whitely wanton with a velvet brow."

The former editors made up their minds that Shakespeare must have meant "wightly," or nimble, and so adopted that reading, without, as it would seem, any authority. Mr. Aldis Wright says "Rosaline was a brunette, see 4. 3., 243—273, and the epithet 'whitely,' or pale-faced, seems inappropriate; but I have restored the original reading and left the inconsistency."

In the third volume the reprint is continued most satisfactorily. The changes, however slight, are sufficient to show that every jot and tittle of the text is subject to the most minute revision; but there is no departure from the severe and self-restrained plan laid down from the first. It is a model work, one of the very few things in the literary performances of the present day in which those concerned have no reason to confess that they have done those things they should not have done, nor left undone what they ought to have done.

Three volumes have so completely shown us the editor's mode of working, that in cutting the pages we have rather been thrown back on observation of the original plan, the various readings, suggestions, emendations and guesses supplied in the notes; for this is not an edition in which to read Shakespeare, but in which to study his works, and to use as a reference book. The result is to make us more conservative. The guesses and emendations quoted, though not those of the editors themselves, seem almost always wanton, explanatory where no difficulty exists, seldom elucidating one which should be cleared. For instance, in the first line of *All's Well that Ends Well*, the Countess says, "In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband;" but three people who have tried to amend Shakespeare must needs suggest "delivering up," "disseveringing," and "separating." But when in *Twelfth Night* Fabian says, "Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace," and the word "cars" no doubt presents some difficulty, the guessers can do no better than "Silence! Though our ears be withdrawn from us;" or "with cats," "with tears," "with racks," "with screws," "with curs." Well may the editor decline to alter his text for nonsense such as these.

We shall be glad when we can possess the whole of this excellent book, and cannot imagine the time when in its own way it can possibly be superseded.

TWO INDIAN GENERALS.

CLYDE AND STRATHNAIRN. (Rulers of India Series.) By Sir O. T. Burne. Oxford: Clarendon Press. London: Henry Frowde. 1891.

SIR OWEN BURNE has undertaken, in this volume, the somewhat arduous task of bringing upon the roll of Rulers of India two generals who never at any time ruled any part of it. His difficulty is manifestly enhanced by the fact that during the two years occupied by Campbell and Rose (afterwards

Clyde and Strathnairn) in dispersing the Indian mutineers and insurgents, the real rulers of India were Canning, whose biography is to follow this book, and John Lawrence, who, strange to say, does not seem to be admitted into the Series at all. Moreover, as neither Campbell nor Rose came upon the scene until after the storming of Delhi and the Relief of Lucknow, when the stress and dangerous fury of the rebellion had abated, and the crisis had passed, their military biographer is obliged to begin his story by an introductory sketch of events and operations in which the two commanders were no way concerned. The Indian Mutiny, its rise, spread, and suppression, provides ample but well-trodden ground for description; and the materials, though somewhat musty through use and lapse of time, are still abundant. Sir Owen Burne deals with them as briefly as he can; yet not until the fifth chapter is commenced do we reach the starting point of Campbell's campaign. By the end of that same chapter he is finally disposed of; and two more chapters record the exploits of Sir Hugh Rose. The rest of the book, excepting a few pages, is devoted to an account of the measures of military reconstruction that followed the great explosion of 1857, and to some general reflections on the state and prospects of our Indian Empire, by way of conclusion.

A work of this character, in which the facts are correctly stated and the observations upon them usually undeniable, is not easy to review. Colin Campbell was a fine old Peninsular soldier of the type out of which spring splendid leaders of a regiment, a brigade, or a division; he was not of the stuff which produces great commanders. At the storming of San Sebastian, one of the most perilous and brilliant feats of arms done by the British in the great war, he led a forlorn hope; and by his handling of the Highland Brigade at the Alma he set a magnificent example to the whole British army. In India, where as Commander-in-Chief he had to direct combined operations over a wide area against an enemy that was not in the least formidable at close quarters, it must be admitted that he did not show a genius for rapid movement or for adapting ordinary tactics to special circumstances. After his light-heeled Indian enemies he toiled often in vain; he was once fairly outwitted by Tantia Topi; nor is it hard to perceive that Sir Owen Burne holds a very moderate opinion of his qualities as a strategist, although the weak points are lightly touched upon. There was, indeed, nothing remarkable, either in design or execution, about "the series of petty although harassing operations," as our author rightly calls them, by which the Commander-in-Chief broke up the various bands of sepoys and raw country levies that roamed about Northern India in 1858-59, occasionally making a defensive stand, but usually flying before the English columns. After some sharp but desultory fighting at Lucknow, the rebels evacuated that city, and were suffered to retreat almost unharmed, whether purposely or by bad handling of the cavalry has never been precisely known. The subsequent pursuit was nowhere particularly vigorous, and a few smart skirmishes gradually knocked to pieces any open resistance to our arms.

"Were it possible," writes our author, "to follow the example of Gibbon, who summarised in half a dozen lines a campaign that extended from Gaul to Constantinople," one sentence of eight lines from Lord Derby's speech (19th April, 1858) would sufficiently record the operations in Central India under Sir Hugh Rose. This sentence, which is quoted, declares that the Central Indian field force in five months took, among other things, two fortified cities, two fortresses, twenty forts, and fought sixteen actions against a most warlike and determined enemy without a single check; but no one knows better than Sir Owen Burne that this is mere rhetorical encomium, excusable in the House of Lords and at the moment. Rose made a very creditable and rapid campaign against ill-armed and ignorant opponents, who were easily scattered whenever they could be caught in the open field. One or two fortified towns gave trouble; Jhansi was escaladed, and Kalpi and Gwalior were skilfully carried by bold assaults; the troops endured bravely the serious ills of hard marching, sickness, and dreadful heat. Sir Hugh Rose wrote: "I took Kúneh from the rebels in a heat that cannot be told—110 degrees in the shade;" and he deservedly won great praise and honour as a dashing commander, of excellent judgment and capacity. One contemporary writer, quoted in this volume, compared his unchecked career of conquest to "that of the Israelitish invaders of Palestine," and adds that "it was an achievement scarcely less glorious than the Retreat of the Ten Thousand." To class Sir Hugh Rose with Joshua and Xenophon is even more incongruous than to rank him with Akbar and Warren Hastings as a Ruler of India; nor can his true reputation as a clear-headed, active general fail to suffer damage by the revival, as from a phonograph, of the long silent shouts of frantic applause with which Anglo-India greeted her liberators from bloody disorder. Yet, in spite of these blemishes, and notwithstanding a certain want of proportion in the whole picture, Sir Owen Burne has produced an interesting narrative of good work bravely done, with many vivid details of Indian camp life that have special value, because the writer served with Sir Hugh Rose, and saw much of what he describes.

It must be admitted, however, that this book represents a gallant, but necessarily unsuccessful attempt to accomplish an impossible feat of biography. Out of two generals who were sent out post-haste to India to suppress a dangerous insurrection you cannot fabricate a Ruler of India, even by clubbing together their separate achievements and appending a brief history of the three Presidency armies, with some account of their reorganisation after the mutiny in Bengal. Sir Owen Burne has done his best in the discharge of the work under the conditions imposed upon him; but though he was a good soldier before he took to the pen, though he has had personal knowledge of India and of the subjects of his memoir, even by him the problem of proving the pretensions of Clyde and Strathnairn to a place in this series is insoluble. The attempt is, we think, to be regretted, because it has forced him into a disregard of balance and congruity in the arrangement of historic events and personages; and because it compels the reluctant biographer to turn meritorious officers into national heroes, and to magnify well-conducted operations into ever-memorable exploits, under the stern necessity of filling up a canvas which has been spread too wide for the subject.

LONDON.

LONDON, PAST AND PRESENT. ITS HISTORY, ASSOCIATIONS, AND TRADITIONS. By Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. Three vols. London: John Murray.

WHAT is London? Can anyone tell what London is—conceive it, define it, put it into an epigram? It is easy enough to say that heaven or hell, according to the point of view, "is a city very much like London," or to enumerate millions of people and income, and miles of houses; to state how many boroughs and villages are engulfed in the metropolitan area, or to show that London, itself a county, extends into four counties. But statistics summon up no vision.

The capital of a country is the country itself in little. This is truer of London than perhaps of any other city. In its population, with more Scotch people than Edinburgh, and more Irish than Dublin; in its commerce and manufactures; in its palaces and hovels, it is an epitome of the three kingdoms. The leaf—the type, the epitome of the plant, is more perfect than its parents; it is an artistic representation on the flat, and improves, as it were, on Nature. London is the perfect analogue of Great Britain and Ireland—not yet of the British Empire; nothing

inorganic can have a type. London is also the capital of the world's trade; and in this sense it is an epitome of the world.

But these attempts at general definition give us no grasp of the immense fact, London. We are afraid it can be conceived only imperfectly and in detail. The circulation of water and light; the electric nerves; the shaking of the streets with the tides of life that throb underground, that rush and roar above, escape all definition, all imagery. The luxury and squalor that crowd at opposite poles, but are yet everywhere intermixed—a fried-fish shop sitting cheek by jowl with St. James's Palace—cannot be crushed into an epigram. Then there are the fragments of so many Londons scattered about its streets—Roman, Saxon, Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart, Guelph: the history of London is the history of England, and it is still to be read in its buildings.

It is impossible to realise what London is. Centuries hence some great painter will paint a wonderful picture, some great novelist will write a wonderful description, of London, each as unlike the actual city as Turner's or Flaubert's "Carthage" is unlike Dido's town; but the contemporaries of these artists will have a truer idea than us of immensity, of innumerable crowds, of frantic expenditure, of pleasure and misery, of greatness and meanness, because they will imagine what we must contemplate.

It is this work of Mr. Wheatley's which suggests these somewhat rhapsodical remarks. For fault of an epigram we must be content with London in three large volumes. And they represent London admirably. Like the city, the book is a growth; its bibliography is quite interesting. Mr. Peter Cunningham, the original author, first published the work in 1849 in two volumes post octavo, and a revised edition appeared the following year in one volume. On the death of the author in 1869, his brother, Colonel Francis Cunningham, the editor of "Marlowe," undertook the revision of the book for a new edition; but although he was energetic in his search for information, he put little of his extensive knowledge on paper. Correction and completion to the present time was then undertaken by the late Mr. James Thorne. When he died, the manuscript was handed to the present editor, who has added considerably to the previous collections. Many of the articles had to be re-written on account of the great changes that have occurred during the preparation of the work for the press.

To our thinking this is the best of the books on London. The matter is arranged in the style of a lexicon; there is hardly a superfluous word, and yet it is all readable. It is a pleasure to handle the volumes; and anyone in a hurry will turn to them at his peril: a quotation, a famous name of a man, a woman, a street, a building, leads the reader on from page to page until all is forgotten but the great city, the things that have been done in it, and the people who have lived and died in it.

FICTION.

1. The Scapegoat: A Romance. By Hall Caine. Two vols. London: William Heinemann. 1891.
2. The Web of the Spider: A Tale of Adventure. By H. B. Marriott Watson. One vol. London: Hutchinson & Co.

In a prefatory note to "The Scapegoat," Mr. Hall Caine, after thanking those authorities who have helped him with the local colour of his story, writes as follows:—"Though I have spared no pains to be true to plain fact and possibility, my heart has been so much occupied with the spiritual love of a noble man and a beautiful woman, that my book is less novel than romance, and less romance than poem." We think that this expression of his own opinion on his own book is indiscreet. In the first place, it is not modest; translations apart, there are not many books in the English language which could be fairly called prose poems. In the second place, it is unnecessary; when Mr. Hall Caine wrote "The Bondman," its epic character was readily acknowledged in these columns and others. Lastly, it is irritating; it interferes with the critic's work. However, an indiscretion in a prefatory note should not make a reviewer unjust towards the book itself.

The scene of the story is laid in Morocco, "a land," to quote Mr. Hall Caine's own words, "wherein government is oppression, wherein law is tyranny, wherein justice is bought and sold, wherein it is a terror to be rich and a danger to be poor, wherein man may still be the slave of man, and woman is no more than a creature of lust—a reproach to Europe, a disgrace to the century, an outrage on humanity, a blight on religion!" If, however, there is little else in Morocco which is admirable, it must be owned that such a country offers fine potentialities to the novelist. The incidents of romance can happen there with greater ease and frequency than in England. The atmosphere is more rich in colour. The people may be more piggish, but are also more picturesque. Israel ben Oliel, the hero, is a strong and isolated figure, one of the kind which Mr. Hall Caine loves to draw. Israel was unpopular, justly unpopular. During the greater part of the story he stands alone, save for his daughter Naomi. It is of filial and paternal love that the story treats; heroical love, the more common theme, has only a subordinate place. For some time Israel's wife had been barren, his want of a child had been made a reproach to him by his enemies. At last Naomi was born, but she was born blind, and deaf, and dumb. From these three afflictions, in the course of the story, she recovers. Her father lost riches, all that he had, his high place under the Kaid. "I was cast out of the town like a beggar," he says in prison. "What matter? She had all, and I was forgiven. But when I was happy, when I was content, when she filled my heart with sunshine, God snatched me away from her." Naomi is restored to her father on his death-bed.

It is an impressive book; it contains passages of true pathos, vivid and dramatic scenes. But it is not equal to "The Bondman." In the delineation of the character of Israel, in such scenes as that in which a deaf and blind child plays a musical instrument by instinct, Mr. Hall Caine loses his hold and ceases to convince. Nor is the descriptive writing so clear and illuminating in this book as in "The Bondman." In the rescue of Naomi from the sensual Sultan by the bold Englishman, the materials seem old and trite. There are passages where we can see that Mr. Hall Caine had some grounds—though not, perhaps, sufficient grounds—for thinking that he had written a prose-poem. But what is one to say of such verse as this?—

> "O, come and claim thine own,
> O, come and take thy throne,
> Reign ever and alone,
> Reign, glorious, golden Love."

It reminds a reader at once of a hymn and a drawing-room song; yet it does not seem to be poetry. Perhaps, however, this is not fair criticism, for the verse in question is only from a love-ditty which Naomi's mother was wont to sing, and may have less ambition than the rest of the book.

It is Mr. Hall Caine's own fault—or rather, his own merit—that a critic expects very much from him. He has remarkable power and imagination; he has shown us how splendidly he can use them. He, probably, will never write as the average novelists write; he is not of that class. But he is not so far above them in "The Scapegoat" as in "The Bondman." On the whole, without denying its conspicuous merits for one instant, "The Scapegoat" is less than we had hoped from its author.

The savage, as found in most stories of adventure, is merely a disguised Englishman, speaking affectedly or impossibly. However strange his customs, however frantic his adventures, they seem to be merely assumed; and we get no idea of the

distinct nationality. Perhaps the chief merit of Mr. Marriott Watson's new book is that his Maoris are real Maoris and not the typical savage, struggling to seem nobly barbarous by virtue of murders and bad grammar. The climax of the book turns upon the jealousy of the tribal spirit, their intense regard for their *mana* or prestige, which has always prevented the Maoris from efficient combination. The superstition of the *taniwha* and the Hauhau fanaticism furnish the writer with curiously grotesque and impressive materials. The childishness and the philosophy, the courage and the cunning of the Maori, are all illustrated by the events of the story. Indeed, Mr. Marriott Watson has succeeded in catching the atmosphere and colour of the Maori's home and in delineating the nature of the Maori himself. Mr. Watson was not, perhaps, quite well advised in saying to himself, "Let me write a tale of adventure." The adventure-story demands a disproportion which a better art rejects; there is no receipt-book which will tell a writer the correct number of stirring incidents to his volume; but a reader can generally feel when the correct number has been passed. This lavish distribution of adventures leads frequently to a neglect of the background; the author grudges a few lines of barren explanation to show us the topography of his scene—the position of river, road, and precipice; to his impetuosity such work seems uninteresting. But to the reader it is a necessity; it is not thrilling in itself, but it renders the action more vivid and convincing. Again, the adventure-story is wont to forget the actor in the action; this, however, is not a fault with which Mr. Marriott Watson can often be charged. His persons are full of character; two at least are finely created. In his sketches of his heroine and of Foster he has reverted, more or less, to types common in fiction; but the "Spider" and the madman, Mayhew, are new and impressive figures. The story, as a story of adventure, is interesting and exciting enough; but it also contains some promise that Mr. Marriott Watson will do well in more ambitious work.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE magazines are distinguished this month by an outbreak of ill-temper.

Mr. J. A. Noble, writing of what he is pleased to term "The Poetry of Common-Sense" (*Macmillan*), falls foul of the "blessed word distinction," and of all that it means. He thinks that when we name the poetry of common-sense we naturally think of the poetry in which that peculiar quality stands free from the shadow of more splendid, if not more essential, endowments; and the name which comes to our lips will be some such name as that of Pope. Some of us never name it, and think that the word common-sense—a capital word, but terribly debauched by having become the shibboleth of the dull party—would be much the better for a complete holiday for a round dozen of years. This suggests that if the use of many words which are inconsiderately employed were punishable by a week's imprisonment without the option of a fine, crowds of orators and fluent writers would have their opinions much modified by the necessity they would be under, in the search for other expressions, of thinking out carefully what they really meant, or if they had any meaning at all. Such a drastic measure would, however, be too much in the style of Dr. Mortimer Granville. In his article on "Drink" (*National*), when he says that the man who allows his passions or appetites to overpower his self-control and rebel against his judgment, is only fit to be locked up in a lunatic asylum, the doctor clearly comes within his own condemnation. This method of government would produce a very strange world indeed: more than half of it would always be under lock and key. But when Dr. Granville attacks statistics, and deals with his subject professionally, he has much to say that deserves consideration. Mrs. Lynn Linton would also be in danger were Dr. Granville's plan adopted. To tame "The Wild Women as Social Insurgents" (*Nineteenth Century*), who smoke, and bet, and hunt, and play cricket and golf, she can think of nothing short of a national disaster! The mere contemplation of it seems to appease her anger; and she bids us cheerfully cherish the hope "while we can and may." As a crowning jeremiad, an anonymous would-be inheritor of Carlyle's mantle, in "The Cult of Cant" (*Temple Bar*), attacks everybody and everything, from Home Rule right away back to the compilers of the Litany.

Of all this outcry we may say, in the wisdom of Gombo, "*Pâler pas rimède*"—"Talk is no remedy." The wisdom of Solomon we know; but who or what is Gombo? None other than Jumbo—the word, not the personality christened Mumbo. It is the name given to the broken French spoken by the coloured population of Louisiana, the French West Indies, Bourbon, and Mauritius. It is not to be confounded with Creole, which is merely a French *patois*. Gombo is a phonetic burlesque of French interlarded with alien words. By "The Wisdom of Gombo" (*Nineteenth Century*), Mr. Edward Wakefield wishes to indicate the Franco-negro proverbs of all countries where Franco-negroes exist.

Lord Wolseley concludes his study of Moltke, "the greatest strategist, the ablest soldier of his epoch," in the *United Service Magazine*. To the next issue he will contribute a review of Moltke's "History of the Franco-German War." There is an entertaining paper in *Temple Bar* on the little-known antiquarian, the Rev. William Cole, whose MS. notebooks in the British Museum have been the quarry whence many a stately work has been strengthened or adorned. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* Mr. W. G. Waters has a paper on Jerome Cardan, a forgotten alchemist—forgotten, as Mr. Waters shrewdly suggests, in great measure because, unlike Cornelius Agrippa, Nostradamus, and Paracelsus, he has never figured in the pages of romance. Other biographical articles are—"The Private Life of Thomas More" (*Nineteenth Century*), by Miss Agnes Lambert; "Lady Hester Stanhope" (*Argosy*), by Alice King; and "The De Goncourts," by Marie Adelaide Beloc, and "Glimpses of Byron," by the Rev. Henry Hayman, both in *Murray's*. "A Curious Relic" (*St. Nicholas*) tells how Captain Dewey cut off the top half of Andrew Jackson's head as it was carved in wood on the bows of the *Constitution*.

"From a Simian Point of View" (*National*) is an account of a conversation which a certain professor had with the missing link. The idea is good; but it needed no uncouth anthropoid Schopenhauer from the Gaboon river to point out that tranquillity is the nearest approach to happiness.

The best piece of fiction this month is Miss Eva Knatchbull-Hugessen's "Story of the 'Smite-Them-Hip-and-Thigh'" in the *Monthly Packet*. The humour is delightful; the catastrophe most dramatic; and the children, who are the principal actors, as natural as can be.

"Federating the Empire: a Colonial Plan," by Sir Charles Tupper, has the place of honour in the *Nineteenth Century*. Mr. Froude continues his "Spanish Story of the Armada" in *Longman's*.

NOTICE.

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